

SEVEN
New Colloquies

Translated out of
Erasmus Roterodamus.

As also the
L I F E
O F
ERASMUS.

By Mr. Brown.

L O N D O N;

Printed for Charles Brome at the Gun
at the west-End of St. Paul's Church-
yard: 1699.

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New Colloquia

Præfatus Rector

ER
L I E
OF
ERASMUS

By Mr. Dyer

Printed for Charles Smith in the City
at the Sign of the Crown

THE
L I F E
O F
ERASMUS.

ERasmus, so deservedly famous for his admirable Writings, the vast extent of his Learning, his great Candor and Moderation, and for being one of the chief Restorers of the Purity of the Latin Tongue on this side the Alpes, was Born at Rotterdam on the 28th of October in the Year 1467. Indeed the anonymous Author of his Life, commonly Printed at the end of his Colloquies (of the London Edition) is pleased to tell us, that de

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anno, quo natus est apud Batavos, non constat, and if himself writ the Life, which we find before the Elzevir Edition, and is there said to be Erasmo Autore, he does not particularly mention the Year in which he was Born, but places it circa annum 67 supra millesimum quadringentesimum. Another Latin Life which is prefixed to the abovementioned London Edition in Octavo, fixes it in the Year 1465, as likewise does his Epitaph at Basil. But as the Inscription of his Statue at Rotterdam, the Place of his Nativity, may reasonably be supposed to be the most Authentic Testimony, we have here thought fit to follow that.

His Mother's Name was Margaret, Daughter to one Peter a Physician, Born at Sevenbergen in Holland; his Father's Name Gerard, who entertained a private Correspondence with Her upon promise of Marriage, and was

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was actually contracted to her, as the Life which carries Erasmus's Name before it, seems to insinuate by these words, *sunt qui intercessisse verba dicunt.* * His Father

was the youngest of Ten Brothers, without one Sister coming between, for which reason, the Old People according to the Superstition of those times, design'd to consecrate him to the Church, and his Brothers liked the motion

well enough, because, as the Church-men then govern'd all, they hoped, if he thrived upon his Profession, to have a sure Friend where they might Eat, and Drink, and make merry upon occasion; but no importunities whatever cou'd prevail upon Gerard to turn Ecclesiastic. Thus finding himself per-

* 'Tis not to be denied but that Erasmus was a Bastard, but his Enemies have published some invidious circumstances about his Birth, that are false; as for instance, that his Father was Parson of Tergou when he begot him. Pontus Heuterus calls him by the same error *fils de prêtre*. Father Theophile Raynaud has this pleasant passage. If, says he, one may be allow'd to droll upon a Man, that droll'd upon all the World, Erasmus though he was not the Son of a King, yet he was the Son of a crown'd Head, meaning a Priest; but 'tis plain his Father was not in Orders at that time.

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petually press'd upon so ungrateful an Argument, and not able any longer to bear it, he was forced in his own defence to shift his Quarters and fly for it; leaving a Letter for his Friends upon the Road, wherein he acquainted them with the reason of his departure, and concluded that he would never trouble them any more. Thus he left his Spouse that was to be, big with Child, and made the best of his way to Rome. In this City he maintain'd himself very handsomely by his Pen, at which he was an admirable Master, transcribing most Authors of note (for Printing was not then known, * tum non-

* So says the Life with *Erasmio Autore* before it, but 'tis most certainly a mistake, for Printing was found out in the Year 1442. which was at least 24 Years before this, but perhaps he means, that tho' the invention was known it was not commonly used.

dum ars Typographorum erat) and for some time lived at large, as young Fellows use to do, but afterwards applied himself seriously to his Studies, made a great pro-

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progress in the Greek and Latin Languages, as likewise in the Civil Law; which he had the better opportunity of doing, because Rome at that time was full of Learned Men, and because as has been intimated before, his necessities obliged him to transcribe Books for his Livelyhood, and consequently must impress them strongly in his memory. When his Friends knew that he was at Rome, they sent him word that the Young Gentlewoman, whom he Courted for a Wife, was dead, which he believing to be true, in a melancholy fit took Orders, and wholly turned his Thoughts to the Study of Divinity. When he returned to his Native Country, he found to his grief that he had been imposed upon, however it was too late then to think of Marriage; so he dropt all farther pretensions to his Mistress, neither would she after this unlucky adventure be induced to Marry.

His

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His Son from him took the Name of Gerard, which in the German Language signifies Amiable, and after the fashion of the Learned Men of that Age, who affected to give their Names either a Greek or Latin turn, (as for instance Oecolampadius, Crinitus, Melancthon, Pontanus, Theocrenius, Pelargus, &c.) he turn'd it into Desiderius (Didier) which in Latin, and into Erasmus, which in Greek has the same force and signification. He was Chorister of the Cathedral Church of Utrecht, till he was Nine Years Old, after which he was sent to Deventer, to be instructed by the famous Alexander Hegius, a Westphalian, an intimate Friend to the Learned Rodolphus Agricola then newly returned out of Italy, and who from him had learn'd the Greek Tongue, which Rodolphus first brought from the other side of the Mountains into Germany. Under

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so able a Master he proved an extraordinary * Proficient, and 'tis remarkable that he had so prodigious a Memory, that he was able to say all Terence and Horace by heart. All this while he was under the watchful

* There is an ill-grounded Tradition in Holland, that Erasmus was a dull Boy and slow to Learn, which if it were true would be no dishonour to him, no more than it is to Thomas Aquinas or Suarez, of whom the same thing is reported, but Monsieur Balz has shown the vanity of this Story. *Vie d'Erasmus.*

Eye of his Mother, who died of the Plague then raging at Deventer, he being then about Thirteen Years Old, which cruel Contagion daily increasing, and having swept away the Family where he boarded, he was obliged to return home. His Father Gerard was so concerned at her Death, that he grew Melancholy upon it and died soon after, neither of his Parents being much above 40 when they deceased. Erasmus had three Guardians assign'd him, the chief of whom was Peter Winkel, School-master of Goude, and the Fortune that was left him

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him might have supported him handsomely enough, if the Executors had faithfully discharged their trust. By them he was removed to Boisleduc, though he was at that time fit for the University, but the Trustees were utterly averse to send him thither, because they design'd him for a Monastic Life. Here, as he himself owns, he lost very near Three Years, Living in a Franciscan Convent, where one Rombold taught Humanity, who was exceedingly taken with the pregnant Parts of the Boy, and daily importun'd him to take the Habit upon him, and make one of their number. The Boy alledged the rawness of his Age as a sufficient excuse; and upon the spreading of the Plague into these Parts, after he had struggled a long while with a Quartan Ague, he returned to his Guardians, having by this time arrived to an indifferent good Style, by his daily reading of the best Classick Authors. The above-

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bove-mention'd raging Distemper had carried off one of his Guardians; and the other two having managed his Fortune with none of the greatest care, began to consider how to fix him in some Monastery. Erasmus, who was not as yet fully recover'd from his Ague, had no great inclinations for the Cloister, not that he had the least dislike to the severities of a pious Life, but he could not easily reconcile himself to the Monastic Profession, for which reason he he desired some farther time to consider better of the matter.

All this while his Guardians employed the People about him to use all manner of arguments to bring him over, who sometimes threatned him with the fatal consequences he must Expect in case of a denial, and sometimes alter'd their language and endeavour'd to effect their designs by flattery and fair Speeches. In this interim they found out a place

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* *Moreri* in his Dictionary pretends that he took the habit of a Canon Regular of St. *Austin* in this Monastery; but 'tis a mistake. *Guy Patin* fell into a contrary error, when he said that he never was a Monk for *Erasmus*; ownt it not only in his Life Written by himself, but likewise in a Letter to *Lambert Grunnius*.

place for him in
* *Sion*, a College of
Canons Regulars, and
the principal House
belonging to that Chapter
not far from *Delft*.
When the Day came in
which he was to give
his final answer, the
young Man fairly told them, that he
neither knew what the World was, nor
what a Monastery was, nor yet what
himself was, and therefore humbly
conceived it to be more adviseable to pass
a few years more at School, till he
was better acquainted with himself.
When *Winkel* his Guardian found him
not to be moved from this resolution, he told
him, that he had spent his time, to a fine
purpose, in making of friends and em-
ploying all his Interest to procure this
preferment for an obstinate Boy, that
knew not what was convenient for him.
But, continues he, since I find you
are

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are possess'd with a Spirit of obstinacy, e'en take what follows for your pains, I throw up my Guardian-ship from this moment, and now you may maintain yourself. Young Erasmus immediately replied that he took him at his word, since he was old enough now to look out for himself. When the other found that threatening signified nothing, he under-band employed his Brother, who was the other a Guardian, to see what he could do by fair means. Thus he was surrounded by them and their Agents on all hands, his Ague still kept close to him, yet for all this a Monastic Life would not goe down with him. At last by meen accident he went to visit a Religious House belonging to the same Order in Emaus, or Steyn near Goude, where it was his fortune to meet with one Cornelius, who had been his Chamber-fellow at Deventer. Since that time he had travell'd into Italy, but without making any great improvements in his Learning, and
the

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tho' he had not then taken the Sacred Habit upon him, yet with all the Eloquence he was Master of, he was perpetually preaching up the mighty advantages of a Religious Life, such as the convenience of noble Libraries, the helps of learned Conversation, the retiring from the Noise and Folly of the world, and the like. At the same time others were employed to talk the same Language to him; Besides his old Persecutor the Ague continued to torment him, and thus at last he was induced to pitch upon this Convent. Upon his admission they fed him with great Promises to engage him to take the Holy Cloath; but tho' he found every thing almost fell vastly short of his Expectation here, yet partly his Necessities joyn'd with his Modesty, and partly the ill Usage he was threatn'd with, in Case he abandon'd their Order, obliged him after his Year of Probation was expir'd, to profess himself a Member of their Fraternity. Not long after this he
had

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had the Honour to be known to Henry à Bergis Bishop of Cambray, who having some hopes of obtaining a Cardinal's Hat, in which Design he had certainly succeeded, had not his Money, the never-failing recommender to the Sacred Purple, been deficient, wanted one that was a Master of the Latin Tongue, to solicit this Affair for him. For this Reason he was taken into the Bishop's Family, where he wore the Habit of his Order, but finding his Patron, who was disappointed of the Promotion he expected at Rome, fickle and wavering in his Affections, he prevailed with him to send him to Paris, to prosecute his Studies in that famous University, with the Promise of an annual Allowance, which however was never pay'd him, after the Mode of great Persons, who think their Quality excuses them from being Vassals to their word. He was admitted into Montague College, where by ill Diet, and a damp

Chamber

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Chamber he contracted an Indisposition, which obliged him to return to the Bishop, by whom he was very Courteously and Honourably entertain'd. He no sooner found himself re-established in his Health, but he made a Journey into Holland, intending to settle there, but he was persuaded at the instance of his Friends to go a second time to Paris, where having no Patron to support him, he rather made a shift to live (if I may use his own Expression) than cou'd be said to study. After this he visited England in Company with a young Gentleman, a Pupil of his, but who to use his own Expression, was rather his Friend than his Patron. Here he was received with universal Respect, and as it appears by several of his Letters, he honoured it next to the place of his a Nativity. In one of them addressed to b Andrelinus, he invites him to come into England, if it were only up-

a Epist. 19.

12.

b Epist. 10.

15.

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on the Score of the charming Beauties
with which that Island abounded. He plea-
santly describes to him the innocent Free-
dom and Complaisance of the English
Ladies. When you come into a Gentle-
man's house, says he, you are allow'd
the Favour to salute them, and you do
the same when you take your Leave.
Upon this Subject he Talks very feeling-
ly, but without making any unjust refle-
ctions upon the Vertue of our Women,
as several Foreigners, and particular-
ly the French Writers, have impudently
done. It appears that Learning flourish'd
exceedingly in England
when Erasmus was here c. c. Epist. 10. l. 16.
Apud Anglos triumphant
bonæ literæ, recta studia. Epist. 13. l. 16.
Nay he does not doubt in d
another Letter, to put it in
the same Scale with Italy c. Epist. 26. l. 5.
it self, c. and particularly
commends the English Nobility for their
great Application to all useful Learning.

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and entertaining themselves at their Tables with learned Discourses, whereas nothing but Ribbaldry and Prophaneness made up the Table-talk of the Churchmen. He tells us himself in his own

Life, that he won the Affections of all good Men in our Island during his Residence here, and particularly for an Act of Generosity, which cannot be enough commended. As he was going for France, it was his ill Fortune at Dover to be stripped of all he had about him, however he was so far from revenging this Injury, by reflecting upon our Nation, which that haughty Censurer Julius Scaliger afterwards did upon no Provocation in a most brutal manner, that he immediately Published a Book in praise of the King and Nation. However not meeting the Preferment which he expected, he made a Voyage to Italy, which Countrey at that time cou'd boast of

He was particularly acquainted with Sir Tho. More, Chief Dean of Pauls, Gracianus, Lincolne, Laumer, &c. and passed some years in Cambridge.

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a Set of learned Men, and a vein of Learning little inferior to that of the Augustan Age. He took his Doctor of Divinity's Degree in the University of Turin, carried above a Year in Bologna, and afterwards went to Venice, where he Published his Book of Adagies in the famous Aldus's Printing-house. From thence he removed to Padua, and last of all came to Rome, where his great Merits had made his Presence expected long before his Arrival. He soon gain'd the Esteem and Friendship of all the considerable Persons of that City, either for their Quality or their Learning, and cou'd not have fail'd of making his Fortune there, if his Friends in England upon the coming of Henry the VIIIth. to the Crown had not by their great Promises prevail'd with him to leave Italy for England. Here he intended to have settled for the remainder of his Life, had these Gentlemen been as good as their words to him,

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but whether Erasmus was wanting to make his Court aright to Wolsey who carried all before him, or whether that Cardinal looked with a jealous Eye upon him, because Warham Archbishop of Canterbury, between whom and Wolsey there was perpetual clashing, had taken him into his Favour, as appeared by his bestowing the Living of Aldington in Kent upon him; 'tis certain that upon this Disappointment he went to Flanders, where by the Interest of the Chancellor Sylvagius, he was made Counsellor to Charles of Austria, who was afterwards so well known in the World, by the Name of Charles the Fifth Emperour of Germany. He resided several Years at Basil, chiefly for the sake of Frobenius, a Learned and Eminent Printer, to whose Son he Dedicated his Book of Colloquies, and Published several Books there; but so soon as the Reformers had abolished the Mass in that City, he left it, and retired to Friburg, a Town
of

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of Alsace, where he lived seven Years in great Esteem and Reputation, not only with all Persons of any Note in the University, but with the chief Magistrates of the Place, and all the Citizens in general. He was at last obliged to leave this City upon the account of his Health, and returned to Basil. His Distemper was the Gout, which after a tedious Persecution left him; but he was soon seized by a new Enemy, the Dysentery, under which having laboured very near a whole Month,

he * died on the 12th of July 1536, about Midnight, in the House of Jerome Frobenius, Son to John the Famous Printer, above-mentioned, having by his Will

appointed Amberbachius an eminent Civilian, Nicolaus Episcopus, and his Landlord Frobenius, his Executors, and order'd what he left behind him, to be

* The Author of Les delices d'Hollande, speaking of Rotterdam, says, that Erasmus y naquit l'an 1467, & mourut à Fribourg en Alsace, which latter is false; for 'tis certain he died in Basil.

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laid out, in Relieving of the Aged and Impotent, in giving Portions to Poor young Maidens, in Maintaining of hopeful Students at the University, and the like Charitable Uses. He was honourably Interred, and the City of Basil still pays him that Respect which is due to the Memory of so Excellent a Person; for not only one of the Colleges there goes by his Name, but they show all Strangers the House where he Died, with as much Veneration, as the People of Rotterdam do the House where he was Born.

Having thus briefly run over the most material Passages of his Life, I come now to consider him in his Character and Writings. He was the most Facetious Man of his Age, and the most Judicious Critick, which are two Talents that as seldom meet together in the same Person, as Pedantry and good Manners. He carried on a Reformation in Learning, at the same time as he advanced that of Religion, and promoted a Purity and Simpli-

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Simplicity of Style as well as of Worship. This drew upon him the Hatred of the Ecclesiastics, who were no less Bigotted to their Barbarisms in Language and Philosophy, than they were to their unjust innovations in the Church. They Murdered him over and over in their dull Treatises, Libell'd him in their wretched Sermons, and what was the last and highest Effort of their Malice, practis'd a piece of Mezentius's Cruelty upon him, and join'd some of their own dead execrable Stuff to his Compositions; of which barbarous Usage he himself complains in an Epistle Address'd to the Divines of Lovain. He expos'd with great Freedom the Vices and Corruptions of his own Church, yet for all that cou'd never be induc'd to leave the Communion in which he was Bred, which may be imputed to his great Candor and Moderation, or else to the ill Management, and furious Proceedings of the first Reformers in Germany, which

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cannot be defended: Thus by the common Fate of all Peace-makers, while he honestly and Charitably intended to do all good Offices to both Parties, he was most undeservedly Worried and Persecuted by both. Perhaps no Man has obliged the Publick with a greater number of useful Volumes than our Author, not like his Country-men, the Modern Dutch Writers, who visit Frankfort Fair once a Year, with two or three Stupid Mum-begotten Dissertations, that die of themselves, before they can be said to have ever lived. Every thing that comes from him instructs and pleases, and may as easily be known by the masterly Strokes, as his Friend Hans Holben's Pieces by the boldness of the Paint, and the freshness of the Colours. However he was supposed to be the Author of several Books he never Writ, which has been the case of a hundred Writers, both before and after him, as the Captivitas Babylonica, Eubulus, Lamen-

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Lamentationes Petri, a Satyr of Huttenus, call'd Nemo, Febris, Sir T. More's Utopia, and several others. It has been commonly believed in England, that the Epistolæ obscurorum Virorum were of his Writing, but the Learned Monsieur Bale assures us of the contrary, who says, that the Reading of it put him into such a Fit of Laughter, that it broke an Impostume, which was ready to be cut. I will not here pretend to give a Catalogue of all his Genuine Pieces, which they shew at Basil, but shall confine my self to his Book of Colloquies, which together with his Moria Encomium has seen more Editions than any other of his Works. Moreri tells us that a Book-seller of Paris, who it seems thoroughly understood the Mystery of his Trade, sold Twenty Four Thousand of them at one Impression, by a Trick which has since been frequently Practis'd by those of his Profession; for he got it whispered to his Customers that

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that the Book was Prohibited, and wou'd suddenly be call'd in, and this helpt to give it so prodigious a Run.

2. The Dialogue way of Writing, in which Erasmus has succeeded so happily, owes its Birth to the Drama. Plato took it from the Theatre, and if I may be allowed the Expression, Consecrated it to the Service of Philosophy, but with all due Respect to Plato's Memory be it said, tho' his Management is extremely Fine and Artificial, yet his Diction is too Poetical, and his Metaphors are too bold and rampant. The Language of Dialogue ought to sit loose and free, the Translations ought to be Easie and Natural; whereas Plato's Expression comes nearer to that of Poetry, than Comedy it self. Tully who has treated several Subjects in this way, cannot indeed be charged with any such Tumour of Stile, yet he wants that which is the Life and Spirit

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rit of Dialogue, I mean a beautiful
turn, and quickness of Conversation.
But the greatest Genius of all Antiqui-
ty, as to this manner of Writing, is
Lucian, whose Language is easie and
negligent but pure; his Repartees are
lively and agreeable, and to say the
truth, every one that hopes to manage
this Province well, ought to propose to
himself Lucian for a Copy to Write
after. If what some Ecclesiastical
Writers have reported of him be true,
that he Apostatized from the Christian
Religion, he made it some amends
however by his admirable Dialogues;
for 'tis a plain Case that the Primitive
Fathers batter'd the Pagan Theology
with Artillery drawn out of his Ma-
gazines, and entered the Garrison
through the Breaches which he had
made to their Hands. He Raillies with
the Air and Gayety of a Gentleman,
and at the same time Writes with all
the Justice of a Philosopher, whenever
his

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his Argument requires it, and this happy mixture of Serious and Ridicule, makes him so eternally entertaining, that the Reader still rises from him with a Gust. Far be it from me to defend him in every Particular; but this Testimony is due to him even from an Enemy, and if I have dwelt so long upon him, 'tis to be considered that Erasmus, who Translated part of him into Latin, made him his Pattern, and indeed has Copied his Graces with such Success, that 'tis difficult to say which of the two is the Original.

3. Both of them had an equal Aversion to Sullen, Austere, designing Knaves, of what Complexion, Magnitude, or Party soever: Both of them were Men of Wit and Satyr, and employ'd it as Righteously as the old Heroes did their Arms, in beating down the crying Grievances of their Times, in Deposing Superstition the worst of Tyrants, and disarming Hypocrisie the basest of Vices. But the Hollander, according to the Genius of his

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his Country, had more of the Humourist in him than the Syrian, and in all Parts of Learning was infinitely his Superiour. It was Lucian's Fate to live in an Age, when Fiction and Fable had Usurp'd the Name of Religion, and Morality was Debauched by a Set of sower Scoundrils, Men of Beard and Grimace, but scandalously Lewd and Ignorant, who yet had the Impudence to Preach up Virtue, and Stile themselves Philosophers; perpetually clashing with one another about the Precedence of their several Founders, the Merits of their different Sects, and if 'tis possible about Trifles of less Importance; yet all agreeing in a different way to dupe and amuse the poor People, by the Fantastick Singularity of their Habits, the Unintelligible Jargon of their Schools, and their Pretensions to a severe and mortified Life. This motly Herd of Juglers, Lucian in a great Measure helpt to Chase out of the World, by exposing them in their proper Colours; but

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but in a few Ages after him a new Generation sprung up in the World, well known by the Name of Monks and Friars, differing from the former in Religion, Garb, and a few other Circumstances, but in the main the same individual Impostors; the same everlasting Cobweb-spinners, as to their nonsensical Controversies, the same abandon'd Rakebells as to their Morals, but as for the mysterious Arts of heaping up Wealth, and picking the Peoples Pockets, as much Superior to their Predecessors the Pagan Philosophers, as an overgrown Favourite that cheats a whole Kingdom is to a common Malefactor. These were the Sanctified Cheats, whose Follies and Vices Erasmus has so effectually lashed, that some Countries have intirely turn'd these Drones out of their Cells, and in other places where they are still kept up, they are Contemprible to the highest Degree, and obliged to be always upon their Guard.

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Before I dismiss this Parallel, it may not be amiss to observe that Erasmus has so Religiously imitated Lucian, that perhaps he has carried it to Excess, and Copied his Master even to a Fault: I mean in the frequent use of old Adagies, most of which, tho' Poinant enough in Lucian's Time, have lost all manner of Relish with us, and therefore I have wholly omitted them in my Translation, or Substituted others that are better understood in their room. This I know will be call'd false Doctrin by a modern Gram-
marian, who pretends that a Man may cite them in his Works, without being guilty of the Sin of Pedantry, and justifies his Assertion by the Examples of Cato, Tully, Plutarch, and Lucian. 'Tis true indeed, those worthy Gentlemen frequently use them, and were no Pedants for doing so, but with the Doctor's leave I will

make

* See Dr. Bentley's Preface to his Answer to Mr. Boyle. p. 87.

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make bold to affirm, that what they might commendably use, who lived upon the spot where these proverbial Expressions grew, and cou'd tell the History of them without the help of a German Commentator; wou'd be rank lowsie Pedantry for us to follow them in, who either know nothing of the true occasion, or if we do, live at too great a distance of time to be much affected with the Wit of them. The Ruff and Farthingale of venerable Memory, were no doubt on't a very laudable Dress, when they were the common Fashion of the Town, but should any Lady at this time of day, out of her singular Respect to Queen Elizabeth, wear them in the Mall, or the side Box, I am afraid she wou'd be soon laught out of this Ridiculous Affectation of Antiquity. I own that true Wit will be eternally so to the end of the World; but the Garniture and Trimming of it, under which

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which Class we may reckon Proverbial Allusions, and the Similies in our Comedies, depend much on the Humour of the Times, and the Genius of the Country, and still vary with the Age; so that what passes for a Jest in France or Holland, we see is received but indifferently with us in England, who don't understand the true Rise of it, nay what pleases us now, I dare engage will not find that welcome twenty Years hence. But it has been the constant Fault of the Grammarians in all Countries of the World, that in order to force a Trade, they must affect to Write so Learnedly, that is so obscurely, that they want another Grammarian to explain them to the generality of their Readers, and the Reason of it is plain, because they Write not to instruct, but to make a Pompous, tho impertinent show of their own Learning.

I have already observed that Erasmus drew abundance of Enemies upon himself by his Writings, some of whom

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Attacked him, because he touched them in their most sensible Part, their Interest; Others out of Vanity, that it might be said they had enter'd the Lists with a Person of his Reputation. And lastly, some out of down-right Malice and Envy. The Monks, who had Bellies one wou'd have thought large enough to have some Bowels in them, cou'd never forgive him for exposing their Luxury and Avarice, their pretended Visions and Revelations, with the rest of their pious Artifices. The Lutherans had a Quarrel to him, because he was not one of their Party, and perhaps Erasmus, who spared the Follies of neither side, might disgust them, by making bold now and then with their great Patriarch of Wittemberg. I remember I have some where Read, that when Erasmus was told that Luther, out of his great desire for an Armful of Consecrated Flesh, had Married, and got the Famous Catharine Bora with Child; he shou'd in

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a jesting manner say, that if according to the popular Tradition, Antichrist was to be begotten between a Monk and a Nun, the World was in a fair way now to have a Litter of Antichrists. Such innocent Freedoms as these, which might fall from a Man of Wit without any Malice, I doubt not but Incensed those of the Reformation, who like the rest of the World were apt to put the worst Construction upon every thing that seem'd to Reflect upon them: But none of his Enemies fell upon him with that unpresidented Rancour and Spleen, as the Prince of Pedants Scaliger the Father. I know I shall incur the Displeasure of the above-mentioned * Grammarian, * See Dr. Bentley's Preface, p. 101. for giving this Character to a Man, of whom he has said so many magnificent things, but before I have concluded this Paragraph, I hope to convince him that his Heroe deserves it. The occasion of the Quarrel, in short, was as follows. Erasmus had been so ill-

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ill-advised, as to expose the Superstition of the Ciceronians, a set of Rhetorical Sir Formal Trifles, who, (as Monsieur Bale pleasantly expresses himself) thought there was no Salvation for poor Latin out of the Pale of Cicero's Works. Upon this Scaliger declared War against Erasmus, Rails at him in an Oration composed for that purpose, with the same Vehemence and Fierceness, as if he had design'd nothing less than the Extirpation of all good Learning, and was actually marching at the Head of a Hundred Thousand Goths, to destroy all the Libraries in Christendom. He calls him Sot and Drunkard, and says, that when he was Corrector to Aldus's Press, a thousand Faults escaped him, merely upon the account of his Drunkenness. In a Letter not Published, but for the Scurrility of it Suppressed by his Son Joseph, he calls him Son of a Whore. I appeal now to the Reader, whether any thing can excuse such insufferable Brutality,

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lity, and ill-manners; or whether if this be the effect of Learning, a Man has not good Reason to say with Nero, Quam vellem me nescire literas. If the Scaligeriana are the Genuine Sayings of the Person, whose Name they bear, this Quarrel is accounted for otherwise; for Scaliger there tells us that his Father had Written an Oration against Erasmus, which the latter cou'd not believe was of his Father's Writing, quia miles erat, because he was of the Military Profession; that his Father Resented this so heinously, that it drew a second Oration from him, which Erasmus got his Friends to buy up, and burnt them all; so that now 'tis no where to be had. And indeed if Erasmus had any Foible, he shew'd it perhaps in his being too sensibly touched at the Libells that were Written against him, as it appears by the * Complaints ^{Epist. 3. l. 21.} he makes of the Printers of them. However it be, 'tis our Comfort that Erasmus is

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is not the only Person, whose Fortune it was to fall under Scaliger's Displeasure. The same Man has call'd Horace's Latin in question, condemn'd his Art of Poetry, and censured Aristotle's Rules. The same Man, (for with him like Zimri in Absolon, every one is either a God or a Devil, but generally speaking they are Devils) has said that all Ovid's slippery Stuff* is not to be compared with that single Epithalamium of Catullus upon Thetis's Marriage, and that all Hesiod's Works ought not to be put in the same Scale with one line in the Georgics. The same Man has rogantly Damn'd Lucan and Silius in a Breath, who was himself one of the most awkward unnatural Versifiers of his Age, and pretended to mend Ovid's Poetry, which he has done to as much purpose as Parson Milburn has mended Mr. Dryden's Translation of Virgil. The same Man has used Cardan worse than the most contemptible Insect in Nature, without any

Pro-

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Provocation, in the very same Book, which he Dedicated to him, tho' the Lord knows there was no such mighty difference between them, as to their Philosophy; and has found Errours in Cicero's and Gellius's Criticks, who to show the goodness of his own, preferred the present Musæus to Homer. Lastly, the same Man, (to give an Instance of his great Sincerity, as we have given several of his singular Humanity,) pretends that he Writ his Gallimambic Hymn upon Bacchus, in less than two hours, amidst a thousand other Occupations that distracted him, which is as notorious a Truth, as any in Dr. Bently's Preface. Yet this is the mighty Man, whom in Conjunction with Salmasius, the aforesaid Dr. wou'd palm upon us for the greatest Men of their Age, and what is very surprizing, for the Ornaments of the Reformation, who by their Influence and Example gave such a Spirit of Learning to it, as made it ^{Ibid. p. 102.} Triumph over its Enemies; with a great deal of Rhetorical Fustian to the

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the same purpose. What great Services Scaliger did to the Reform'd Religion, I wou'd desire to be inform'd; and as for the other Atercenary Wretch, 'tis true he play'd his small Shot at the Popes Primacy, but at the same time, as far as in him lay, struck at the whole Episcopal Order, for which I hope Dr. Bently will not thank him, and afterwards was shamefully bribed to lick up his own Spittle. But Providence that delights to humble the Proud, raised up two Men afterwards to Chastise this wonderful pair of Assumers: For Milton, tho' Inferiour to Salmasius in the Righteousness of his Cause, yet with all these Disadvantages so effectually foiled him that he broke his Heart; and Schioppius, who was as errant a Grammarian as any of the Tribe, fell foul upon both the Scaliger's, and visited the Iniquities of the Father upon the Son, who in truth did not deserve it. This is all I have at present to say of Erasmus, being obliged to reserve what I have farther to offer upon this Subject, for the Dissertation I intend to prefix to the new Translation of Lucian's Works, done by several Gentlemen, which will be handed to the Press with all convenient speed.

THE

T H E
Impertinents, or the Cross Purposes

C O L. I.

Two odd ill-converred Fellows meet one another
in the Street, and so talking they fall; one
has his Head full of a Marriage, and the
other's Thoughts run upon a Storm: In
short, they Discourse with great Concern on
both sides, and make nothing on't, only they
fulfil the English Proverb between them, I
talk of Chalk, and you of Cheese.

These Six Colloquies done by Mr. Brown.

The Translator of the following Colloquies, tho' he
keeps his Author still in sight, yet does not pretend
to have made a literal Translation of him, and
where Erasmus alludes to old Adagies (as frequent-
ly he does) or where the Jest runs upon a turn in the
Latin Tongue, which wou'd be entirely lost in an
English Version, he has made bold to Substitute
something of his own in the room of it, in order to
make it more agreeable to the Palate of the En-
glish Reader, for whose Diversion it was design'd.

Annus. Lucius.

ANN. Why? I hear you were Drunk as
Lords all of you at Neighbour what
d'ye call him's Wedding yesterday?
Luc. The Duke take me if ever I knew
such

2 *The Impertinents, or the Cross Purposes.*

Such confounded Weather at Sea, tho' I have used it from my Cradle. *Ann.* So I find you had a world of brave Folks to see the Ceremony, *Luc.* Fore George, (you make me Swear now) I never ran such a risque of drowning in my life before. *Ann.* Ay, ay, see what 'tis to be Rich, at my Wedding, tho' I sent again and again to all my Neighbours, yet only some half a dozen would come near me, and those but sorry Wretches, the Lord knows. *Luc.* Mind me, I say, we were no sooner got off of the *Land's end*, but it blow'd as if it would blow the *Devil's Head* off. *Ann.* God so! that was wonderful pretty, and were there then so many fine Lords and Ladies to throw the Stockling? *Luc.* Comes me immediately a sudden Gust of Wind, and whips off the Sail, while you could drink a Can of Flipp, and tears it into a thousand Flitters, I warrant ye. *Ann.* You need not describe the Bride to me. Why? Lord, I knew the pretty Baggage when she was no taller than—*Luc.* Soufc comes another Wave and runs away with the Rudder. *Ann.* Nay, all the World are of your Opinion, she's an Angel Incarnate, that's certain; and the Bridegroom, let me tell you is a handsome young Fellow of his Inches. *Luc.* Well! And don't you think we were in a blessed taking then? *Ann.* Right I faith. Not one Woman in a thousand as you observe, brings such a Fortune to her Husband. *Luc.* So we Mann'd out the Long-boat, and were forced to Row for't. *Ann.* The Devil she did! Why? That was a Portion for a Princess. *Luc.* To see now what damn'd Luck attended us! We popt out of one Danger into the Chaps of another. *Ann.* Nay, they may e'en thank themselves for't. What the plague made them Marry so tender a Creature to such a

The Experiment, on the Cross Purposes. 3

best young Whoreson? *Luc.* A *French Privateer* made all the Sad she could after us. *Ann.* Good again, let me dye else. Young Girls long to be trying Experiments, and a willing Mind you know is all in all. *Luc.* So now we had two Enemies at a time to deal with, a raging Sea, and these *French Rascals.* *Ann.* Good Heavens, so many rich Persons made her! Had she been a poor Body, I dare pawn my Life for, her Friends would not have given her the worth of a silver Bodkin. *Luc.* What! would you have had us strike Sail to them? That had been a good Jest I own. No, if gad they were mistaken in their Men, I'll tell you but so much. *Ann.* Nay, if what you say be true, the Bridgroom had best speak no more o'it, but put his Horse in his Pocket. *Luc.* Every Man of us took his *Cogue* or two of *Nants*, and prepared for the Fight. *Ann.* To see how we may be deceived now! That such a demure Sparrow-mouth'd Devil shou'd take up a Stone in her Ear so soon? *Luc.* Had you seen this Engagement, take my word for't, you'd have said I laid about me like a *Heroe.* *Ann.* So then as far as I can judge of the Matter, the young Fellow has brought his Hogs to a fair Market. *Luc.* Without asking more Questions, we fairly boarded the *Monfrur.* *Ann.* But is it not an odd Business that they should invite you who are a perfect Stranger to them, and forget me, one of the nearest Relations the Bride has in the World? *Luc.* Right or wrong we flung our *Frenchmen* into the Sea. *Ann.* Troth Neighbour you say right, a Man in Adversity is abandon'd by all the World. *Luc.* After this we honestly divided the Booty between us. *Ann.* Come, you need not provoke me to't, I know how to be angry upon occasion,

the next time I see the Bride, odlooks I'll rattle
both her Ears for 'e. *Lac.* On a sudden the Sea
grow so calm, you'd have taken it for a bowling
Green. *Mrs.* For if she has Money, I have a
stomachful Spirit, let me tell you, and a Fig for
her Kindness. *Lac.* In fine we brought a brace
of Vessels into Harbour instead of one. *Ann.*
And let her Husband take it as he pleases, what
a plague care I? *Lac.* Oh! you ask where I am
a going, Why? to St. *Nicholas's* Church yonder,
to thank the honest Saint for keeping me out of
the Suds. *Ann.* No, pray excuse me dear Sir,
I can't go with you to the Tavern now, I ex-
pect a Set of jovial Fellows to drink a Bowl of
Punch with me at home, but at any other time
you may command me. Adieu.

THE
Modish Traveller.

C O L. II.

The Calamitous Effects of War. The Ambition of Princes the cause of most Disturbances in the world. Church-men who ought to Preach up Peace, promote these Disorders. The latter part of this Colloquy is wholly the Translator's, who took the hint from a late Learned Voyage to Paris, by one of the Royal Society.

George. Martin.

GEO. Well, and what sort of a Voyage had you of it, old Friend? *Mar.* Good enough; but that the Roads were so plaguily pester'd with Highway-men. *Geo.* You must expect that after a War; 'tis impossible to help it, but dear Companion of mine how stand Affairs in France? *Mar.* In none of the most settled Condition; there are great Preparations on Foot for another War; now what *Mischief* the French may be able to do their Neighbours I don't know, but this I am sure of, that they are plagued at home with all the calamities that a Nation can well suffer. *Geo.* From whence do these Commotions and Wars arise, I wonder. *Mar.* From whence do you ask? Why,

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from

from the *Ambition* of *Monarchs*. Geo. Now, on the other hand, I shou'd have thought it had been the *Duty* of *Supreme Magistrates*, by their *Prudence* and *Authority* to *compose* these *calamitous Disorders*, wherein so many thousands of innocent People must suffer. Mar. So one wou'd have thought, as you say; but under the Rose your *Princes* extinguish these *Flames*, just for all the world as *Oyl* puts out *Fire*. They flatter themselves that they are *God's*, and that the *World* was made purely for their sake. Geo. That's merry enough; Now, I was ever such a dull blockhead as to believe that a *Prince* was made for the *People*, and not the *People* for a *Prince*. Mar. What vexes me most, is that the *Churchmen* lend a helping hand to these *Disorders*; and blow the *Trumpet* to *Sanctify* the *slitting* of *Throats*. Geo. By my consent they should be set in the *Front* of the *Army*, there to receive the *Reward* of their great *Pain-taking*. Mar. Why, so say I, and so says all the world. But a Pox on't, your *Priests* will never come within harms way; they love their *Carcasses* too well for that; tho' they may advise us *Day-fools* venture the *knocking* of our *Brains* out, yet for their own parts they'll not hazard a *little Finger*, even in a *Quarrel* of their own making. Geo. Well! But you are come home a compleat *Monsieur*, I hope: Your outside seems to promise it; for upon my word Friend *Martin* you are a most furious *Beau*. Mar. Oh, I speak *la Langue Francoise* to a Miracle. I saith I am so charmed with it, that I have almost forgot my own. Lord! The *English* is so dull and *Phlegmatick*, in comparison of that; How much more emphatical is *Viverrerie* than a *Glass-house*, *Promenade* than a *Walk*, *Rouillon*, than a *Wheel-barrow*? Well, of all *Fiacres* in the World

The Madish Traveller.

World your *London Fiacre* is certainly the most miserable *Voyage* upon Earth. Geo. But how came you a God's Name to learn the Language so soon?

Mar. Oh of those everlasting *Babillardes* the French Women, who I must tell you are grown much more *Carpendent* and Eat than before the War, which upon mature Thoughts I ascribe to their immoderate drinking of *Katgina*. Geo.

What sort of Liquor is that prithe, for I never heard of it before? Mar. 'Tis a Cherry-brandy

made of Brandy and Apricock-stones. Geo. Now

for Paris dear Rogue, how goe Squares there?

I know so great a Virtuoso as you are, must make a thousand curious Observations. Mar. Most of

the Citizens Houses have *Port-cochez* to drive in a Coach, and *Remises* to set them up. Geo. Oh admirable!

but pray proceed. Mar. Their Buildings are some of hewn Stone entire, and some of Brick

with Free-stone, and in many Houses they have ten

Menages, I warrant ye. Their Cellar Windows are

grated with strong Bars of Iron, but I was extremely

Scandalized at the *Vinegrette*. Geo. You talk

Arabic I think, but pray explain your self.

Mar. 'Tis a wretched business and a very Jest in so

magnificent a City, drawn along by two Boys, and

pushed behind by a Maid. But then to make a-

mends, the Coachmen in Paris drive with an air of

haught. Geo. Prettily exprest I faith. Let me die

if I could not stay a whole day to hear thee. Mar.

Tho' I want a Relish for Painting and Building, I

much admired I can'd never meet with a Statue in

Paris, but what was cloathed with a *Toga pura*, and

no Representation of a Bullated one. Geo. 'Twas a

thousand pitties I profess. Mar. I saw several

Tableaux at a Gentleman's House, and among the

last one Painted in *Dischabille*, with a soppish Nigh-

gown, and an old Quoisure. I likewise saw a Roman Glass, whose very bottom, do ye mind me, was very smooth, and very little umbilicate; but what pleased me most, was a young Kelling in an Air-pump, which surviv'd 500 Pumps. Geo. What a Blessing it is to be a Philosopher? But is this all you took notice of? Mar. No, no, I should tire you but to recite one half of what I observed. When a thing is lost, they don't put it in the publick Prints, as we doe; but fix a Prince's Paper on the Wall. Their Streets are lighted even in the Moon-shine Nights. They have Clap Bills too, and set up by Authority. There are a world of Boats upon the River, but when a Thaw comes they are in danger of being split. They sell Books by Auction, but have no Bureaus of Ivory. The Pox is the great Business of the Town. The poor People carry little Tin-kettles in the Streets with Small-coal lighted. Their Roots differ much from ours; they have no round Turnips; but long ones. Lettice is the great and universal Sallet, but it vexed me to the heart that I could not stay long enough to see whether there is more Dust in Paris than in London. In short their Fiacles are easier than ours; their Promenades delicious; their Postchoises very convenient; their Pavillons are Surprizing, the Decorations of their Treillages admirable, their Couches finely laid out, and their Champignons and Morsglios beyond compare. Geo. Your Servant, Sir, I swear I could almost hang my self that I was never bred at Gresham. Well, I believe not one Man in a thousand has so nice a Palate. Mar. Fie, you make me blush now, my Observations incline rather to Nature than Dominion. And your Friend Martin here, whatever you think of him, finds him

himself better disposed, and more apt to learn the Physiognomy of a hundred Weeds, than of five or six Princes. So much for this Affair, but pray tell me what remarkable Passages have happen'd here in my Absence. *Geo.* Nothing of Note, Sir, but only this, *Tua catulla peperit tibi catulum absenti, tua Gallina peperit tibi ovum.* In plain English, Friend Martin, your Maid was fairly brought to Bed here in Westminster, while you were fairly brought to Bed of your fine Voyage to Paris. *Mar.* *Vaile que c'est être malheureux.* Oh this confounded Cockatrice! Well, I will just step to the Custom-house to secure my invaluable Cargo of humble Bees, Tadpoles, Millers-chumbrs, Stricklebacks, Land-snails, Day-butterflies, Grasshoppers, Cockleshells, &c. And then I will trounce the Gipsy for daring to Fornicate in my absence. *Geo.* Have a care what you do, Friend Martin, Increase and Multiply was the first Commandment. You were once of opinion to my knowledge, that Propagation was intirely necessary that Mankind might be like the Stars in the Firmament, or the Shells and Sand upon the Sea Shore, and why you that are a Virtuoso, should quartel with your Maid for learning a little natural Philosophy, I can't see, But I find you are in haste, and so farewell.

THE

THE

Plain Dealer, Or, All is not Gold
that Glisters.

C O L. III.

That the Generality of Mankind regard only Names and outsides, but never consider the intrinsic nature of things.

Rich. Prettyman.

Ri. **G**ood morrow Prettyman. Pr. The same
to you Friend Rich. You'll laugh at
me I know for what I am going to say; but since
we are met, I cannot help wishing that *both* of us
were what our *Names* seem to imply, I mean that
you were a *wealthy* and I a *handsome* Fellow. Ri.
Why, is it not enough that our *Names* tell the
World we are so? Pr. Enough? for my part I
would not give a Farthing for a *name* if I want
the *thing*. Ri. The generality of the *world* let me
tell you are of *another* Opinion. Pr. I don't know
what you mean by the *world*, but I can hardly
believe any thing that wears the shape of a *Man*
thinks so. Ri. You may imagine perhaps that
Camels and *Asses* walk the Streets in a humane
figure, but I once more tell you, that *Men*, and
Men of Wit and Parts are of this mind. Pr. By
your leave I would sooner believe the former, I
mean that *Camels* and *Asses* are *Men* in Masque-
rade,

rade; than that any thing that calls himself a *rational* Creature should be such an *absurd* Son as to prefer a *name* to the *reality*. *Ri.* In some sorts of cases I own to you that People would rather have the thing than the name; but the quite contrary happens in others. *Pr.* I don't apprehend what you drive at. *Ri.* Why, we carry an instance of it about our selves. For example, your name is *Prattyman* and not to flatter you, you deserve it; but if you were to part either with one or the other, whether would you rather choose to have an ugly *Phyz*, or instead of *Prattyman* to be called *Fowler*? *Pr.* Your Servant Sir, I would rather be called *Scave-devil*, or *Ran-head*, or in fine what you please, than to be the Knight of the ill-favoured Countenance. Whether I have a good one or no, is not the question in debate. *Ri.* And likewise for my self here, if I were a Man of Substance in the World, I would rather alter my name *Rich* into that of *Poor*, than part with one farthing of my money. *Pr.* I must needs own that what you say is true, and 'twill be the same case as I take it with those that enjoy their health, or any other convenience belonging to the body. *Ri.* In all probability 'twill be so. *Pr.* But then how many Thousands do we see in the World, who had rather have the *name* of learned and pious Men, than take pains to be *really* so? *Ri.* I know but too many of this humour. *Pr.* Well then, and are you not convinced that Mankind has a greater regard to the *name* than to the *thing*? *Ri.* Truth I can't deny it. *Pr.* Now if any profound Logician would give us an accurate definition of a *King*, a *Bishop*, a *Magistrate*, and a *Philosopher*, perhaps we should even here find some, that would rather choose the *name* than the *thing*. *Ri.* 'Twould be

for fear me, if he and only he is a *King* who governs according to *Law* and *Equity*, and considers the *public* advantage more than his own. If a *Bishop* is one who makes it his *sole* business to look after his *Flock*, and not raise a *Family*: If a *Magistrate* is one that heartily and sincerely pursues the interest of the *Common* wealth: And lastly, if a *Philosopher* is one that despises the Gifts of *Fortune*, and only drives at the tranquillity and instruction of his *Soul*. Pr. Now you are convinced, I hope that a Man might assign but too many instances of this nature, if he were so minded. R. I freely own it. Pr. Well, but you won't deny these to be *Men*, will you? R. If I should, I might call my own Title to the name in question. Pr. But if a Man is a thinking reasoning Creature, is it not monstrously *stupid* that in the case of *bodily* advantages (for I cannot call them *goods*) and in the gifts of *fortune* which are but *temporary*, a Man should rather desire to have the *thing* than the *name*; and that in the *true* endowments of the *mind*, he should on the other hand pay a *greater* regard to the *name* than the *thing*? Pr. In truth, if a Man *rightly* considers it, nothing can be more *ridiculous*. R. Why 'tis the very same case in things of a different nature. Pr. As how I pray? R. What has been said of the names of things that are to be *desired*, the same judgment is to be made of the terms of those things we ought to *avoid*. Pr. 'Tis so no doubt on't. R. As for example, a Man ought rather to dread the being a *Tyrant*, than to have the *name*: and if a *bad Bishop*, as the *Gospel* informs us is a *Thief*, and a *Robber*, we ought not so much to hate the *name* as the *thing* it self. Pr. I am wholly of your opinion. R. Now make the same judgment of the rest. Pr. Oh I under-

stand

stand you well enough. *R.* Is not the name of a *Fool* held in detestation by all the World? *Pr.* Ay, certainly nothing more. *R.* And would you com-
 ple to call that Man a *Fool*, whom you should see
 making Ducks and Drakes with his Money, or pre-
 ferring bits of *Glass* to the richest *Diamonds*, or
 more fond of his *Dogs* and *Horses* than of his *Wife*
 and *Children*? *Pr.* No I faith, I should soon dubb
 him a *Jack Adams*. *R.* And do you think those
Fellows are a jot better that run through thick
 and thin, that are perpetually harass'd and fatigued,
 that lie whole *Nights* up to the chin in *Water*, that
 venture the *pinking* of their *Carcasses*, and the
darning of their *Souls*, for that most valuable con-
 sideration a *Groat* a day, which is not honestly paid
 them neither, for those *right worshipful Wretches*
 that sit up *Nights* and *Days* to heap a little *pat-
 tish* self, but grudge the least *Minute* to *study* and
improve the faculties of the *Mind*, or lastly those
fine Gentlemen that never think their *Houses* and
Gloaths *fine* enough, while their *better* part lies
neglected and *asked*; that take all imaginable care
 to keep their *Bodies* in *health*, while their *Soul*
 labours under a thousand dangerous *Dissensions*,
 and they never value it. In short, those that pur-
 chase *everlasting* Torments for the enjoyment of
 a few foolish *transitory* Pleasures, that even *fling*
 us in the *enjoyment*? *Pr.* A Man's own reason will
 make him acknowledge this in spite of his teeth.
R. However, tho' all places are so crowded and
 cramm'd with *Fools*, yet I believe there's not one
 among so many Millions that would patiently sit
 down with the *Name*, tho' he really deserves it.
Pr. Faith you are much in the right. *R.* To
 come to another Point. You are sensible how
 odious and abominable the Names of *Liar* and

Thief

This is in all Nations of the World. *Pr.* I own it, and reason good they should be so. *Ri.* No question on's, but tho' to *be* with another Man's Wife, and to *wish* his Bed, is really Baser, and more Disingenuous than *Thief* it self, yet you have shoals of Men in the World, that value themselves upon the Name of a *Cuckold-maker*, and think it an *honorable* Title, who would most infallibly *cut* your Throat, should you call them *Thief*. *Pr.* Tie so with most Men, I own it. *Ri.* Thus you have *oth* *th* *who* *Where* and get *Drunk* in the Face of the Sun, and yet abominate the Name of *Spend-thrift*, or *Sot*. *Pr.* The reason is, because they think the thing *creditable*, tho' they cannot *endure* the Name that belongs to the thing. *Ri.* There is scarce any word in the World that more shocks our Ears and Nature, than that of a *Liar*. *Pr.* Feugh! I have known hundreds in my time that have fairly riled, and ript up one another's Guts upon such a *Provocation*. *Ri.* I were to be wished that they had an equal aversion to the thing. But did it never so fall out with you in the course of your Business, that a Man promised to pay you a certain Summ of Mony at a time appointed, and yet *broke* his Word with you? *Pr.* But too often, tho' he wished himself a thousand times at the *Devil*, if he kept not his *Promise*. *Ri.* But perhaps these were poor Dags, and not able to pay you? *Pr.* No, hang them they were *able* enough, but they thought it more convenient to *keep* their Mony to *themselves*. *Ri.* Why prithee now is not this down-right bare-faced impudent *Lying*? *Pr.* As certain as the Sun at mid-day. *Ri.* But suppose a *Tradesman* should *Gripe* his *Creditor* in this blunt manner; *My Lord, or Sir John, why do you tell me these Lies?*

Pr. The Noble Peer wou'd indite him for a *Seditious Malignant*, and the Knight's man to one wou'd whip him through the *Long*. Ri. Well? now, and are not your *Lawyers*, your *Solicitors*, your *Physicians*, &c. Guilty of this Crime, when they promise to do their Business by such a time, and yet disappoint you, tho' your All lies at Stake? Pr. Who questions it? You might add your *Counsellors* too, who promise to befriend a Man, but forget him so soon as he has turned his back. Ri. I'll say, I might take in *three* parts of the *Globe*, were I minded to number the *Beasts*. But not one of them I suppose would be content to be call'd *Liar*. Pr. Tho' they defend the Imputation never so much. I close with you. Ri. In like manner no body but *knives* at the name of *Thief*, when not one in a hundred has an occasion for the thing. Pr. Explain your self a little more upon this Point. Ri. What difference is there between a *Fellow* that breaks open your *House*, that *Risks* your *Chests*, and one that will forswear a *Plledge*? Pr. None at all, but that the latter is the greater Villain of the two, because he *Injures* the Man that *trusted* him. Ri. But how few are they that will *honestly* restore a thing committed to their *Charge*? or if they do, keep one half to themselves before they'll deliver it. Pr. Nay, I could name you several Lord Mayors, and Aldermen, and the Devil and all of *Quality* that have done the same; but *Tace* you know is Latin for a *Candle*. Ri. Yet none of these worthy Gentlemen wou'd endure to be call'd Mr. *Thief*, tho' many an *honest* of the Profession has swing'd for't at *Tyburn*. Pr. Why saith I'm of your Opinion. Ri. Now, doe but consider after what a fine rate your *Guardians* generally manage the *Estates*

Estates of *Minors*, what horrid tricking there is
 about *Wills* and *Legacies*, and how much of the
Orphan's Money sticks to the Fingers of those that
 sell it? *Pr.* Right, tho' sometimes nothing but
 the whole will content these *Harpies*. *Ri.* Thus
 'tis plain that they love the Theft, but abominate
 the name. *Pr.* 'Tis even so as you say. *Ri.*
 As for the *Tellers* of the *Exchequer*, the *Receivers*
 of *Taxes*, the *Overseers* of the *Mint*, and those ho-
 nest *Patriots* that sometimes raise, and then again
 lower the Price of *Guineas*, to the incredible loss of
particular Men, not being acquainted with the *My-*
steries of their Art, or not daring to expose them,
 I have nothing to say to them. But a Man may be
 allow'd to talk of what he daily feels and sees. To
 proceed then: What think you of one that bar-
 rows of every body, and runs in their Debt with an
 Intention never to pay them, unless the Law for-
 ces him to it; what difference is there between
 such a Spark and a Thief? *Pr.* The world per-
 haps will say he has more *Caution*, tho' not a jot
 more *Honesty* than the other. *Ri.* Yet tho' the
 whole Kingdom is over-run with these *Vermin*, not
 one of the Tribe will bear the Name you wot of. *Pr.*
 Heaven only knows their Intentions, for which
 Reason the *Courtesie* of the World calls them *Bank-*
rupts, and not *Thieves*. *Ri.* What signifies it a Far-
 thing how the World miscalls them, so long as they
 are Registered for *Thieves* in the Annals of Heaven?
 Every Man 'tis true best knows his own Inten-
 tions, but when I see a Fellow up to the Ears in
 Debt, yet Whoring or Sotting away his Money
 when he receives it; when after he has broke in one
 Town, I find him leave his Creditors in the Lurch,
 and scampering to another, and only looking out
 for a new set of Fools to trust him; when I say I find
 him

him playing these *Tricks*, not only *once* or *twice* but *half a score* times, I cannot for my Blood forbear to tell him his *own*. Does not he sufficiently declare the intentions of his Heart, with a murrain to him? *Pr.* Ay, enough in all Conscience. And yet these *Treble-pil'd Rogues* shall pretend to Varnish over their Actions very finely. *Ri.* As how I pray? *Pr.* They'll tell you, that to owe *much*, and especially to a world of People, is to live like a *King* or a *Nobleman*; and, generally speaking, these Raskals affect the Name of *Quality* to set them off. *Ri.* What can the meaning of that be? *Pr.* You can't imagine what privileges belong to a Man of *Quality*. He can do that with a good Grace, which would look *ill* in any one else. *Ri.* Well, but what Right, what *Law* have they to countenance this? *Pr.* What *Law* say you? The *same* by which your *Gentlemen* that have Estates by the *Seashore* pretend a Right to *Wrecks*, tho' the Owner of the Goods is alive: The *same* by which your *Lords of Mannors* claim a Title to whatever is found about a *Robber* or *Highway-man*, to the apparent injury of the true *Proprietors*. *Ri.* A *Convention* of Thieves might make as honest Laws as these. *Pr.* True, and so they would if they had but the Power in their hands; and they'd have *excuse* enough for what they do, if they could but *declare War*, before they went a Thieving. *Ri.* But how comes your Man of *Quality* a God's Name to have more *Right* to do this than your common ordinary *Scoundrel*? *Pr.* They are in *Prescription* of the Thing, and that's sufficient. *Ri.* And how come they by their *Titles*? *Pr.* Some have them by *Inheritance*, others purchase them by their *Money*, and some again by their

laudable Qualities. *Ri.* What may those be? *Pr.* I'll sum them up in short to you. If a Man never did one *virtuous* thing in his Life; if he goes richly Apparell'd, if he wears a Ring upon his Finger, if he *Whores* incessantly, and *Games* everlastingly; if he can play at *Ombre* and *Piquet*, and *Trowl* down a Gallon or two of *Wine* before he *reels* to bed; if he *Sleeps* all day and *Drinks* all night; if he speaks of no ordinary things, but *Castles*, and *Garrisons*, *Half-moons*, and *Ravelins*, *Stockado's* and *Demiculverins*; such a Man is as complete *Quality* as any in *Guillem* or *Dugdale*. *Ri.* And are these the *blessed* Ingredients out of which *Quality* is Compounded? For my part I'll put it into my *Litany* to be *delivered* from it. *Pr.* You are in the right, and yet I could name a certain *Island* in the World to you, where you may see hundreds and hundreds of such *accomplished* Gentlemen; but enough of them for this time. *Farewell.*

T H E
Fatal Marriage, or the Unhappy
Bride:

C O L. IV.

A Pretty Young Lady forc'd to Marry a Diseased Rake-hell of Quality. The Cruelty of Parents to Sacrifice their Children to the Vanity of a Title.

Peter. Gabriël.

Pe. **W**Hence comes our Friend *Gabriel* I wonder, with so *grave*, so *mortified* a *Phyz*? from *Burgess's* Meeting, or a *Reprobation-Lecture* at *Pinner's hall*? *Ga.* No, you are mistaken, from a *Wedding*. *Pe.* The duce you did! I never saw a Look in my Life that had less of the air of a *Wedding* in it. Those that have been at so *jolly* a Ceremony ought to look the *chearfuller* for it at least a *Twelve-month* after. Why *Man* such a sight, that puts so many *merry* Ideas into a body's Head, is enough to make one as *Old* as *Parryfrisk* and caper, and grow *Young* again. Then prethee what sort of a *Wedding* is it thou talk'st of? Not that of *Death* and the *Cobler* I hope, or of *Bully Bloody bones* and *Mother Damnable*. *Ga.* Jestings apart, I come from the *Wedding* of a young *Gentleman* to one of the most charming delicious *Creatures* in the world; A Curse on my Memory, she sets me on *Fire* as oft as I think of her; in

B z

the

the very *Bloom* of her Age; just turn'd of *Sixteen*, and for her *Beauty*, *Fortune*, and good *Conditions* not to be parallel'd in the whole Country: In short, she was fit to have made a Spouse for *Jupiter* himself. *Pe.* What! For such an old antiquated *Fumbler* as he. *Ga.* Why prethee your *Great Folks* never grow *Old*. *Pe.* Well then, whence comes this sadness, this Cloud upon your Forehead? Now I think on't, I fancy you *envy* the Bridegroom for *Robbing* you of so delicious, so charming a *Morsel*. *Ga.* No such matter, I'll assure you. *Pe.* Perhaps you fell to *Loggerheads* over your Wine, as the *Lapithæ* did of Old, and that makes you so melancholy. *Gr.* You are wide of the matter, take my word for't. *Pe.* I'll guess the contrary then; perhaps the Spark was a *Niggard* of his Liquor, and to be Sober at a Wedding, you know, is a *Sin* ne'er to be forgiven. *Ga.* So far from that, that the Buts bled as heartily, as if it had been a Coronation. *Pe.* Well, now I have hit it, you wanted *Musick* to cheer your Hearts. *Ga.* Oh! *wider* from the point than ever; we had Fiddles, and Flutes, and Harps, and Kettle-drums; in fine, all the *Instruments* you can think of from a *Bag-pipe* up to an *Organ*; nay, that most Celestial Consort of a *pair of Tongues* and a *Key* was not wanting. *Pe.* Well, you had your belly-full of Dancing then I hope. *Ga.* Not so much *Dancing* as you imagine, but *Limping* enough in all Conscience. *Pe.* What Persons of *Quality* had you to *Grace* the Nuptials? *Ga.* Not one, but a certain active *Lady*, whose *Business* and good Qualities you may find upon all the *Pissing-posts* in Town, and who keeps her head Quarters in *Covent-garden*. *Pe.* A *Covent-garden Lady* say you; pray what may her Name

Name be? *Ga.* In troth none of the best: The world calls her *MY LADY POX*, but as the Draper said by his Cloth, what she wants in *length* she makes out in *breadth*, for they say she's Related to most of the *Noble Families* in *Christendom*. *Pe.* But why (dear Friend of mine) shou'd the bare mention of this set thee a weeping? *Ga.* Ah *Peter, Peter*, the *Tragical Story* I am going to tell thee of, is enough to make a *Brickbat* weep and cry and run like a Church Spout. *Pe.* Yes, so I suppose if a *Brickbat* had but a Tongue, and a pair of Eyes and Ears. But prethee keep me upon the *rack* no longer; out with thy ill News let it be what it will: You see I have guessed and guessed and always fell wide of the *Mark*. *Ga.* You know *Squire Freeman* of the *Grange*, don't you? *Pe.* Know him? I have drank a Thousand Bottles with him in my time; the worthiest, frankest, honestest *Gentleman* that ever breathed. *Ga.* Well, and don't you know his Daughter *Katy* too? *Pe.* Now you have named her, you have named the *Top-Beauty* of the Age. *Ga.* 'Tis as you say, and do you know whom she is *Married* to? *Pe.* Ten to one, but after you have told me, I shall. *Ga.* I'll tell you then: She's Married to that mirrour of Knighthood *Sir Bully Bounce*. *Pe.* What! that swaggering, blustering, huffing *Spark*, that Compound of *Cowardice* and *Vanity*, that everlasting *Coxcomb*, who kills whole Armies in a Breath, and murders more than *Drawcanfir* in the *Play*. *Ga.* The very same individual *Monster* upon my word. *Pe.* Why you know he's famous all the world over for *Two* extraordinary *Gifts*; *Imprimis*, for his most incomparable Talent of *Lying*, at which he'll out-do Twenty four *Plot-Eviden-*

ces supported with the same number of *Travel-
ling Priests*; and, 2dly, For a certain Noble *French
Qualification* he carries about him, I mean the
French Disease, which tho' it came from the *In-
dies* but t'other day, and is the younger Brother
of the *Weekly Bills*, yet in the *short* time it has
set up for it self, has done *more* Execution, and
run a *greater* compass of Ground than *all* the *other*
Diseases put together, tho' they started so many
Hundred Years before it. *Ga.* 'Tis a haughty proud
Distemper that's certain, and will turn its back
neither to *Gout*, nor *Stone*, nor *Plague*, nor *Fever*,
nor yet to its Son-in-law *Consumption*, whose
Name it frequently assumes: Give it but a clear
Stage and it demands no favour. *Pe.* So the
Sons of *Galen* talk indeed. *Ga.* Why shou'd I spend
more time in describing this pretty young Creature,
since I find you *know* her? tho' I must tell you,
Friend, that the *richness* of her Dress added no
little *Lustre* to her Natural Beauty. I tell thee
what *Peter*, hadst thou seen her in the Room,
thou'dst have Sworn she was a *Goddess*; her Ha-
bit, her Mien, her Shape, and, in short, all her
Motions were *agreeably* bewitching. Soon after,
that *blessed Weight* the *Bridegroom* popt upon us
God wor, with his *Nose* dismantled, and draw-
ing one *Leg* after another, but with as *ill* a grace
as an *Old founder'd* Country Dancing Master.
He wore a *Welsh Gantlet* upon both Hands, I mean
the *Itch*, with which his Fingers were *Crusted*
over as with a natural *Armour*: His *Eyes* were
dull and heavy, his *Breath* strong enough to mur-
der at twelvescore; his *Head* bound up in
an infinity of Caps, and his *Nose* (beg your par-
don, Sir,) run as *plentifully* as a *Horse's* that has
got the *Glanders*. In fine, this *Lying Mummy*
was

was wrapt up in *Flannel* from Top to Toe, for fear of falling asunder; otherwise I dare engage that a *puff* of *Wind* not strong enough to ruffle a *Custard*, wou'd have shaken his *Tabernacle* to pieces. *Pe.* Mercy on us! And what in the Name of *Lucifer* was the reason that her Parents Married her to this *walking Hospitall*? *Ga.* I don't know, but that *three* Parts in *four* of the *Globe* seem now a days to be *stark Mad* and out of their Wits. *Pe.* Perhaps the Fellow's plaguy *Rick*, and Riches you know, like *Charity*, cover a multitude of *Faults*. *Ga.* Rich! 'tis then in Shopkeepers Books, for he's *deeper* in them than a dozen *Lords* I cou'd name to you, at the other end of the Town. In short, he *owes* more than his Head's worth. *Pe.* If this young Damosel now had poison'd her pious *Grandfather*, and broke the Heart of her venerable *Grandmother*, what *greater* Punishment cou'd they have inflicted on her? *Ga.* Nay had she *pist* upon the Tomb of her Ancesters, she had more than aton'd for the *Crime*, had she been only forc'd to give him one single *Kiss*. *Pe.* Faith, I'm of your Opinion. *Ga.* In my mind now they have been infinitely more *Cruel* to her, than if they had expos'd her stark Naked to *Bears*, or *Lions*, or *Crocodiles*: Those generous *Beasts* wou'd either have *spar'd* a Creature of such incomparable *Beauty*, or else soon made a *Breakfast* of her and put her out of her *Misery*. *Pe.* Right. This brutal, this barbarous *Usage* seems only fit for such a Monster as *Mercutio* to have put in Execution, who, as *Virgil* tells us,

*Joy'd the unhappy Living to the Dead,
And set them Breast to Breast, and Head to Head.*

Tho' by the by, I very much question whether *Mexentius*, as inhuman as they represent him, wou'd have been such a downright *Devil*, as to tack so lovely a young *Virgin* to a nasty *Carcase*; and what *Carcase* is there that one wou'd not much rather desire to be joyn'd to, than this confound-ed *Knight*, with a *Pox* to him; since the very *Air* he breaths is rank *Poison*, since his very words are *Pestilential*, and to be touch'd by him is worse than *Death* it self. *Ga.* Now, prithee honest *Peter*, do but think with your self what a mighty *Pleasure* there must needs be in their *kissing* and *panting*, and *murmuring* and *figging*, and all the o-ther *mysteries* of the *nuptial* Bed. *Pe.* I have heard the *Parsons* frequently talk of *uncanonical*, *Marriages*. Now this I think is an *uncanonical* *Marriage* with a witness. 'Tis as *unsuitable*, as if one should set the finest *Diamond* in the world in *Lead*; You may talk of your *Heroes* and your *Killers* of *Giants*, but for my part I think this *young Lady* gives a greater proof of her *boldness* to venture her self between a pair of *Sheets* with so hideous a *Bed fellow*. Young *Maidens* of her Age use to be scared out of their *Wits* at the *sight*, nay at the bare mention of a *Ghost* or *Hobgoblin*; and can she endure to be murder'd all night in the Embraces of so dreadful a *Speetre*? *Ga.* The poor *Creature* has something to excuse her, as the *Authority* of her Father, the *Importunity* of her Relations, and the *Simplicity* of her Age; but her Parents I'm sure have not a *Syllable* to say for themselves. What *Chimney-sweeper*, or *Broom man* in *Kent-street*, wou'd *Marry* his Daughter, tho' she were never so homely, to a *Fellow* that had a *Plague-sore* running upon him? *Pe.* Not one in my *Conscience* that had but a *Grain* of common Sense. For my part, had I a Daughter both

Lame

Lame and Blind, and ugly enough to be Roasted for a Witch in *Scotland*, and to compleat her Charms, with not one *Farthing* of a *Portion* to help her off, I wou'd sooner swopp her to a *Tobacco-plantation*, than make her say *for better for worse* with such a choice Son in Law. *Ga.* The *Leprosie* is a very bad Companion, but this cursed *Distemper* is a thousand times more Loathsom and Destructive even than that. It *steals* upon a Man without giving him fair warning, it *goes off*, and *rallies* again with a vengeance, and frequently sends many a young Fellow to the *Devil*, before he knows where he is; whereas the *Leprosie* is so complaisant and Civil, as to let a Man *jog on* to a good comfortable *old Age*. *Pe.* Perhaps then the Girl's Father and Mother knew nothing that the Bridegroom lay under this *pinching Dispensation*, as the *Quaker* call'd it. *Ga.* No, no, they knew it as well as his *Nurse* or *Chirurgeon*. *Pe.* If they were resolved to *use* her so ill, why a God's Name did they not tye her Neck and Heels in a Sack and so fling her into the *Thames*? *Ga.* It had been a much more *merciful* way of dispatching her than *this*. *Pe.* What was it then that recommended him to their Choice? Is he Famous for any good *Qualities*? *Ga.* Yes, *several* I can tell you; he *Games* incomparably, *Drinks* like a Camp-chaplain, and *Whores* like a Lay elder; then for *Banting* and *Lying*, nothing in the Universe comes near him. He has a *long Score* I dare engage in every Tavern from *Whitechappel* to *Whitehall*. He *palms* a Dy to admiration, and wou'd cheat his own Brother. In short, he is the most *finished Rakehell* now living; and whereas the *Universities* pretend but to *seven* liberal Sciences, *Sir Bally Bounce* has at least a *dozen*, of which he is a *compleat* Master, and may serve to be *Regius Professor*.

fessor of any of them. *Pe.* Well, but after all, this Sir Bully what d'ye call him, must have something or other certainly to recommend him to her Parents. *Ga.* Why, you have already named it Man, did you not call him Sir Bully? 'Twas nothing but the glorious Title of Knight that bewitched them. *Pe.* A precious Knight indeed, you may call him the Knight of the burning Pestle. But I suppose he has a vast Estate, and that makes amends for all. *Ga.* Some, half a score years ago he had an indifferent Estate, but living very fast, as they say, has brought his Noble to Ninepence; for he has Whored and Drunk away all his Acres, and has nothing left but a little *Manner-house*, moated round for fear of an Invasion, from whence he uses to make a Descent now and then into the Neighbouring Country, to the great Terror and Defolation of the Farmers Yards thereabouts; but so wretchedly furnished, that a Pig sty wou'd be thought a Palace to it. And yet this egregious Coxcomb talks of nothing but of Bounce-Castle near the River Bounce in Bounce hundred, and of his *Manner-houses*, and *Summer-seats*, of *Heriats*, and *Deodands*, of *Court Lects*, and the *Affizes*, of *Tenants and Vassals*; with a heap of such magnificent well-sounding words; and then he never comes into any company but he perpetually prates of his Coat of Arms. *Pe.* Pristhee what Coat of Arms does the Brute give? six Turpentine Pills Gilt, I warrant ye, and his Supporters are two Quack Doctors with those terrible Engines, two Syringes mounted. *Ga.* That's merry enough. No, he gives Three Hogs, Or in a Field Gules. *Pe.* A very proper Emblem, I faith for such a Beast; but by the Field one wou'd take him to be a very bloody Person. *Ga.* Rather if you judge him by the Wine he

he drinks; for he makes no more of a Gallon of Claret, than a School-boy would do of sucking an Egg. *Pe.* Then the three Golden Hogs show that he squanders all the Mony, he can lay his Fingers on, in *swilling and sotting*. *Ga.* You are much in the right on't. *Pe.* But to dismiss this point of *Heraldry*, pray what *Jointure* will this mighty *Blasphemer* settle upon his Spouse? *Ga.* Ne'er trouble your Head about that, he'll give her a most *magnificent* one, you need not question. *Pe.* How can that be, since you tell me he has spent all, and burnt out his *Candle* to the last *inch*? *Ga.* Don't interrupt me then: He'll jointure her in a most—pray mind me Sir——in a most substantial, full-grown, thorough-paced——*P O X*, so *firmly* settled, that neither *She* nor the *Heirs* of her Body, shall be able to cut off th' *Entail*, tho' they got an *Act of Parliament* for't. *Pe.* Let me dye if I would not sooner marry my Daughter to a *Small-coal man*, or a *Hog-driver*, than to such a rotten piece of Quality. *Ga.* And for my part I would much rather bestow mine upon a *Red-headed Welch Curate* with *four Marks* a Year, and the *Perquisites* of a *Bear* and a *Fiddle*. How I pity the unfortunate Creature? There had been some *comfort* still, had she Married a *Man*; but alas she is thrown away upon the *Leavings*, the *Dross*, the *Refuse*, the what shall I call it——the *Skeleton* of a Man? Now, *Peter*, put your Hand to your Heart and tell me fairly, Had you seen this *lamentable* sight, cou'd you have forbore *Weeping*? *Pe.* Why do ye ask me such a Question, when you see the very *Recital* of this Story has drawn *Tears* from me? Good Heavens! that *Parents* shou'd be so *Barbarous* and *Unnatural*, so void of common *Humanity* and *Affection*, as to *Sacrifice* an

an *only* Daughter, and one so *Beautiful* and *Amiable*, so *Innocent* and sweet-condition'd to the *loathsome* Embraces of a filthy *Monster*; and all for the sake of a lying *Coat of Arms*, and o make the poor thing a *Lady*. *Ga.* Your Com laint is not without Reason; for certainly 'tis the greatest *Barbarity* that can be committed; and yet your People of *Condition* (as they call themselves) make but a *jest* of it; tho' one wou'd think that it *highly* concern'd those *Gentlemen* that are born to the *highest* Posts of the *Government*, and are one day to make *Senators*, and *Ministers* of *State*, to take some care of their *Health*; for let them say what they will to the contrary, the *Body* has a great Influence upon the Operations of the *Soul*. Now this exorable *Disease* undermines the whole *Fabric*, and at long run does not leave a Man so much *Brain* as wou'd fill a *Nut-shell*. And thus it comes about that we frequently see some *Noble Persons* sitting at the *Helm*, whose *Intellectuals*, as well as their *Carcasses* are in a *woful* pickle. *Pe.* In my opinion, your Great Men, whether *Princes*, or those of a *subordinate* Rank, ought not only to have their *Understandings* clear and strong, and a *healthful* Constitution of Body, but if it were possible shou'd *excel* other Men in the *Beauty* and *Gracefulness* of their Persons, as much as they do in *Quality*; for tho' *Justice* and *Wisdom* are the *principal* Ingredients in the Composition of a *Prince*, and chiefly recommend him to the *Love* of his People; yet there's *something* too to be said for his *shape* and outside. If he proves a *morose* and *rigid* Governor, the *deformity* of his Body helps to make him still more *Odious* to his Subjects; and if he is *Merciful* and *Affable*, his *Vertues* derive some *agreeableness* from the *beauty* of the Place where they Inhabit. *Ga.* I make no question

question o'nt. *Pe.* Don't we use to lament the *misfortune* of those poor Women, whose Husbands soon after they are Married to them, fall into *Consumptions*, or are troubled with *Apoplectic Fits*? *Ga.* Yes, and not without good reason. *Pe.* Then tell me, what a *Madness* or *Stupidity* is it for a Man to *bestow* his Daughter, voluntarily, and of his *own free will*, to a Fellow that is ten times *worse* than the most *Consumptive* wretch alive? *Ga.* No doubt on't, 'tis the highest degree of *Madness* that can be. If a *Nobleman* has a mind to have a *fine Pack* of *Hounds*, do ye think he'd bring a mangy scoundril *Car* to a well-bred *Bitch*? *Pe.* No. He wou'd sooner send from one end of his Country to the other, that he might not be *plagued* with a Litter of *Mangrils*. *Ga.* And if my Lord should take a fancy to have a *noble studd* of *Horses*, can you imagine he'd suffer a heavy, diseased, rascally *Dray horse* to cover his fine *Barbary Mare*? *Pe.* So far from that, that he'd hang up half a score *Grooms* rather than he'd endure to have a *diseased* Horse come within his Stable, for fear of giving the *Infection* to the rest. *Ga.* And yet this discreet and noble *Peer* does not care a Farthing *who* Marries his Daughter and begets her *Children*, tho' they are not only to Succeed him in his *Estate*, but may arrive at one time or other to have the *Chief* management of *State-Affairs*. *Pe.* Even that *moving Clod* of Earth a Country Farmer wont let every pitiful *Bull* that comes next to hand Gallant his *Cow*, nor every sorry *Tis* debauch his *Mare*, nor every Lean-gutted *Boar* make Love to his *Sow*; tho' the highest Preferment an *Ox* can arrive to in this World is to *drudge* at a Plough, and a *Horse's* fortune is to *draw* a Coach or Cart, and a *Hog's* destiny

destiny concludes in furnishing Belly-Timber for the *Kitchen*, *Chines* and *Spare-ribs* against *Christ-mas*, and *Gammons* to keep *Easter* in Countenance. *Ga.* To see now how *perversly* Mankind judges of things! If a poor ordinary *Fellow* should in his *Liquor* happen to force a *Kiss* from a Nobleman's *Daughter*, they'd persecute him so *furi-ously*, that the poor *Offender* must be forced, in his own defence, to *fly* his Country. *Pe.* No question but that would be the end on't. *Ga.* And yet these wise and honourable Persons *freely*, and of their own *accord*, without the least *Necessity* or *Compulsion*, make no *Scruple* to *Condemn* a *Daughter* for term of *Life* to the Bed of a lewd profligate *Rakehell*; so he be but a *Rakehell* of *Quality*; in which respect they dont only trespass against the *real* interest of their own *Family*, but likewise against that of the *Public*. *Pe.* If a *Fellow* that halts a little, or (to put the Case as bad as can be) *stalks* it along upon a *wooden Leg*, like the *Crane* of limping *Memory* in the *Park*, shoud have the *Impudence* to *Court* a young *Girl*, how would the *Women* mock and jeer at him, tho' he is an *able* and *sound* Man in the *Critical* Part? At the same time, tho' a Man has been *Flux'd* never so often, it is no impediment to his *Marriage*. *Ga.* If a *Coachman* or *Groom* chance to run away with a *Gentleman's Daughter*, there is presently such a *Rout* and *Hubbub* all the Country, over as if the *French* were *Landing*; Lord! crys one, what pitty 'tis that so *Young* a Creature should be *Ruin'd*; and Lord! crys another, what *Death* is bad enough for the *Rascal* that seduced her? altho' this *Rascal*, bating the meaness of his out-side, is as *vigorous* as the best Lord of them all, with the help of his *Jellies*; and

and his Wife is like to find him a *Comfortable Performer*; whereas this poor young *Lady*, we have been talking of, must do *Penance* all her Life with a *walking Carcase*. Thus too, if an *Heiress* happens to bestow herself upon a *Parson*, how many *Jests* and *Proverbs* does the Neighbourhood pelts her with? When *Death* puts an end to the *Parson's Life*, what becomes of the *Parson's Wife*? However she enjoys herself well enough while her Husband lives, which is some *satisfaction*. But the *Heroine* of our *Tragedy* cannot expect one easie moment with her Knight in his *Life-time*, and when *Dead*, the Infection he bequeaths to her, will haunt her worse than a *Ghost*. *Pe.* 'Tis even so. Your *Pirates* that surprize Women by stealth, and *Soldiers* that take them as plunder in War, never treat them half so Cruelly as this poor Girl has been treated by her *Parents*, and yet the *Magistrate* never calls them to an account for it. *Ga.* How should a *Physician* cure a *Mad man*, if he himself has a spice of the same *Distemper*? *Pe.* But 'tis the greatest wonder in the world to me, that *Princes* who are so nearly and visibly interess'd in the *Welfare* of their People, shoud make no *wholesome Laws* for their *Health*, which is the greatest *Blessing* they can enjoy on this side Heaven. The *Disease* we have been discoursing of all this while, has travelled as it were with a *Pass* through the better part of the *Globe*, and yet these worthy *Vice-gerents* of Heaven sleep as heartily in their *Thrones*, as if it were not worth their while to take notice of it. *Ga.* Hark ye friend *Peter*, have a care what you say of *Princes*: When you talk upon so nice a Subject, keep your *Tongue* in a sheath, or it may cut your *Throat*. Lend me your ear, to whisper a word or two to you — *Pe.* I am heartily

heartily sorry for't, but I am afraid it will be so as you say to the end of the Chapter. Ga. But to pursue our point. How many Ills do you think are occasioned by nasty Wines of the Vintners dashing and brewing? Pe. Why? if you'll take the Doctor's word for't, one half of the Diseases that carry off so many thousands every Week. Ga. And do the Magistrates take no notice of this neither? Pe. Poor Men! they are wholly taken up in gathering the King's Customs and Excise. There they are as watchful as Dragons, but mind nothing else. Ga. If a Woman knows a Man is infected, and for all that will marry him, she must take what he is pleased to give her for her pains, but can blame no body else. Although if it were my fortune to sit at the helm, I should take care to banish them both from civil Society. But if it was a Woman's hard fate to marry a Fellow that pretended to be well and healthful, but was over-run with this Disease, were I Judge of the Prerogative Court, I should make no scruple to dissolve the Knot, tho' they had been solemnly Married in all the Churches in London. Pe. By what presence I wonder? For when Marriage is once legally contracted, no humane Power you know can disannul it. Ga. And do you call that a legal Marriage which is built upon such horrid Villany and Treachery? The Civilians will tell you that a Contract is not Valid, when a Slave palms himself upon a young Girl for a Freeman, and under that sham Marries her. Now the abovemention'd Knight, to whom our poor Lady is sacrific'd, is a Slave, a most abandon'd Slave to that impetuous Distemper the Pox; and his Slavery is so much the more insupportable, in respect he must wear her Livery all the days of his Life, without any prospect

prospect of a *Redemption*. *Pe*. I protest you have
flaggerd me. There is some *obscure* in what you
say, but proceed. *Ge*. In the next place, Marriage
can only be celebrated between two Persons that
are *living*; but in this case the Woman Marries
one, who in the *literal* Sense of *Love* is perfectly
dead. *Pe*. Ha! you have Arguments at will I
see; however I suppose you would give your
leave that the *Diseased* should Marry the *Diseased*,
according to the righteous Proverb of *Covenant* *geri*
den *Clap that Clap* &c. *Ge*. Why truly if I were Judge
of the Court, or some such great Person, Perhaps for
the *publick* benefit I might suffer them to Marry, but
so soon as the *Ceremony* was over, I would take care
to put out *one* Eye with *another*, and that a *Fight*
should finish what the other *Disease* had begun.
Pe. Ay, but this would be to act like a *Tyrant*, and
not like a *Prince*. *Ge*. Why would you call that
Physician a *Tyrant* that lopps off a Finger or two
or it may be burns part of the Body, to save the
whole? For my part I don't think it *Cruelty*, but
the highest Act of *Pity* that can be exerted, and it
were to be wished that this *Course* had been taken
when this *Distemper* first appeared in the World;
for then the *publick* Welfare of Mankind had been
consulted at the Expence of a few Sufferers. Nay,
the *French* History presents as with an Instance of
this Nature. *Pe*. But after all it would be the
gentler way to geld, or part them asunder. *Ge*.
And what would you have done to the *Women*,
pray? *Pe*. You know *Italy* affords a certain In-
vention, call'd a *Padlock*. *Ge*. That is something
indeed, for by this means we should be sure to
have no *Branches* from so blessed a *Stock*; Come,
I will own your Method to be the *gentler* of the
two, provided you'll in Compliment own that
C mine

mine is the safer. Even those that are *cast* and have an itching desire upon them, neither is this Infection propagated by *one* way only, but a *thousand*, a bare *kiss* or *touch* may do it, nay, it may be got by *Dissembling* or *Drinking* with the Party *Infected*. Besides, we find that an unaccountable *Spirit* of doing Mischief is *peculiar* to this Disease, for those that have it take a *delight* to propagate the *Contagion*, tho' it does them no good. Now, if you talk of *parting* them asunder, they may *scamper* to other Places, and play the Devil where they are not known, but I hope you'll grant me there can be no danger from the *Dead*. *Pe.* 'Tis certain yours is the *safer* way of proceeding, but still I much question whether it can be reconciled to that *Gentleness* prescribed us by the *Gospel*. *Ge.* Pray tell me then whether there's more danger from common *Thieves*, or such People we have been talking of. *Pe.* I must needs confess that *Money* is not to be put in the same Ballance with *Health*. *Ge.* And yet we *Christians*, forsooth trust up a score of *Honour-breakers* and *Fellows* every *Session*, neither does the World as Censorious as it is, call this *Cruelty*, but *Justice* and *Mercy* to the Nation in general. *Pe.* Well, but in that case the Party that did the *Injury*, is fairly *banged* out of the way. *Ge.* And are the others then such *nigh* Benefactors to the *Publick*? Let us for once suppose that some may get this Distemper by no *Fault* of their own, tho' under Favour I believe that not one in ten thousand, but *purchased* it at the Price of his own *Wickedness*, yet the *Lawyers* will tell you that 'tis Lawful to dispatch the *Innocent*, if the common Safety of the *Republick* requires it. For this Reason the *Greeks* after the Destruction of *Troy*, put *Astyanax*, *Hector's* Son to the

the Sword, least he might live to begin the War afresh. Nay, some Casuists will not stick to tell you, that after you have cut a Tyrant's Throat, 'tis no Sin to kill his innocent Children. To carry on this point yet farther, we fine People, that call our selves Christians, are perpetually at War with one another, tho' we know before hand that the greatest share of the Calamities, occasion'd by War, must light upon those poor Men that least deserve them. The same thing happens in your *Reprisals*, or *Letters of Mart*, as they call them. The Party that did the Wrong is as safe as a Knave in the *Admiralty*, or *Excise Office*; but the poor *Merchant*, who is so far from being Criminal, that perhaps he never heard a Syllable of the Matter in his Life, is fairly plunder'd and strip'd of all. Now if we have recourse to such *hasty Remedies* to things, that are not of the least Consequence, I desire to be inform'd what course ought to be taken in an Affair which so highly concern us? *Pe.* Nay, I must knock under the Table. Your Arguments are too mighty for me to cope with. *Ge.* Take this with you too. So soon as the *Plague* breaks out in *Italy*, great care is taken to shut up the infected house, and the *Nurses* that look after the Sick, are forbidden to appear abroad. Some *Sets* call this barbarous Usage; whereas 'tis the greatest Humanity that can be shown; for by this prudent Care the *Pestilence* sweeps off some half a dozen Folks; and then you hear no more of it; now, can any thing show more Humanity, than to save the Lives of many thousands at so cheap a rate. Others will rail at the *Italians* as a brutal inhospitable People, because when there's but a bare Report of a Plague, they won't suffer a Stranger to come within their Cities in the Evening, but force him to lye all Night in the

the open Fields. Now, for my part I look upon it to be Act of Piety, to procure a *publick* Advantage at so *easy* a Price, as the incommoding of a few Persons. Some *Coxcombs* in the World take themselves to be very *Stout* and *Complaisant*, because they dare make a *Visit* to a Man who is Sick of the *Plague*, tho' they have no manner of *Business* with him; so when they come *Home*, they very fairly give the *Infection* to their Wives and Children, and, in short, to the whole Family. Nothing can be more *stupid* than this *Foolhardiness*; more unreasonable than this *Complaisance*? To bring the *dearest* Persons one has in the World in danger of their Lives merely for the sake of a *foolish* Compliment or so; yet, after all, there's less to be apprehended from the *Plague* than from the *Neapolitan* Disease. The former seldom *meddles* with the *Old*, and sometimes passes by its next *Neighbours*; at least, this may be said for it, that it either *quickly* dispatches a Man out of his Pain, or restores him to his *Health* much *sounder* than he was before; whereas the *latter* is nothing but a perpetual *Death*, or, to speak more properly, a perpetual *Burying*. They are covered from Head to Foot with *Plaisters* and *Cataplasms*, with *Salves* and *Unguents*, and a thousand other *Medicaments* too nauseous to be mention'd out of an *Hospital*. *Pe.* What you say is so true, that with reverence to our *Betters* be it spoken, the same Care at least ought to be taken to prevent so *Fatal* an Evil, as they take to *prevent* the spreading of the *Leprosy*; or if this should be thought too much, no Man ought to let another *Shave* him, but to be his own *Tinsor*, and to trim himself by his own *Looking-glass*. *Ga.* But what will you say now if both *Tinsor* and *Gentleman* agree to shut their Mouths? *Pe.* 'Tis

to no purpose, the *Infirmitie* may come out at their *Nostrils*. Ga. Well, but there's a Remedy, to be had for that inconvenience. Pe. I long to be informed. Ga. They may borrow a Device from your *Alchymists*, and wear a *Mask* which shall afford them *Light* through two little glass Windows for the *Eyes*, and a breathing place for their *Mouth* and *Nostrils* through a *Horn* which reaches from their jaw-bones down to their Back. Pe. Why that contrivance would do, as you say, if there was no danger in the touch of their Fingers, Linnen, Comb, and Scissors. Ga. I find then the best way will be to let ones *Beard* grow down to his knees. Pe. That's my opinion, and then let us have an *Act* of *Parliament* that the same Man shall not be *Barber* and *Chirurgion*. Pe. Ga. But that will be the ready way to starve the *Barbers*. Pe. No matter; let them drink less Wine, and lessen their Family Charges, or else (for I have Compassion for the poor Dogs) ask more for *Shaving*. Ga. So be it with all my heart. Pe. Then let a Law be *Enacted*, that every Man be obliged to drink out of his own *Glass*. Ga. That Law I dare Swear will never go down in *Old England*. Pe. In the next place, let there be a Penalty impos'd for Two to lye in the same *Bed*, except they are Man and Wife. Ga. Agreed. Pe. Then as for your *Inns*, let no Stranger sleep in the same *Shewers* that any one has lain in before. G. What will you do then with *Wales* and *Cumberland*, and that most delicious Country beyond the *Tweed*, where they wash their *Linnen* but twice a Year? Pe. Let them employ more *Laundresses*. And then let the Custome of Saluting one another with a *Kiss* be totally abolished, its *Antiquity* and *Universality*, and all other pretences notwithstanding.

standing. *Ga.* How shall a Man behave himself in private Conversation? *Pe.* Let him have a care of coming too near the Person he talks to, and let him that listens shut his Lips. *Ga.* Why? you undo all the *Coffee-houses* and *Chocolate-houses* at one clap, besides, a *Cart-load* of Parchment would not be sufficient to contain all these *Punishments*. *Pe.* But all this while you forget the poor Creature that occasion'd this Discourse. What *Advice* would you give her now? *Ga.* To think of her *Misfortune* as little as she can, and make the best of a bad Market; to clap her hand before her Mouth whenever her Husband offers to *Kiss* her, and lastly, when she goes to *Bed* to him, to put on a *Head-piece*, and a compleat suit of *Armour*. *Pe.* And whither do you intend to steer your Course when you leave me? *Ga.* Strait to my *Clister*. *Pe.* What mighty work is carrying on there, I beseech ye? *Ga.* They spoke to me to write an *Epi-thalamium*, but I design to disappoint them, and write an *Epitaph* upon this occasion.

THE
Golden As, Or, The Wealthy
Miser.

COL. V.

A Pleasant description of a Rich Usurer's way
of Living, who from a sordid Condition ar-
rived to a prodigious wealth. That such Es-
tates generally come to a Prodigal Son, who
squanders away all that Money in Whoring
and Drinking, which his penurious Father
scrap'd together by Injustice and Op-
pression.

James. Gilbert.

74. **M**ercy on us! what an alteration is here?
Why where hast thou been, old Friend
of mine, all this while, that thou art return'd to
Meager and Chap-fallen, as if thou hadst found out
the Mystery of living like Grasshoppers upon dew?
There are Twenty Skeletons yonder at Chiswick's
Hall that look Fifty per Cent. better than thou dost.
Thy Rump Bone has grated its way through thy
Breeches, and, as the Fellow in Bartholomew Fair
said, looks like the Ace of Spades. I dare engage,
that were a Man to shake thee, thy Bones wou'd
rattle in that wither'd Hide like three blew Beans
in a blew Bladder. Gil. Those worthy Gentlemen
the

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the Poets tell us, that in the Regions below the Ghosts are glad to feed upon Leeks and Mallows, but I have been Ten Months in a confounded place, where even these Dainties were not to be had. *Ja.* In what part of the World I wonder?

Perhaps thou hast been starv'd and bastinado'd into this fine Shape at *Algiers*, or got it by tugging and swearing in a *Gally*. *Gil.* No, you are mistaken. I have been all this while in his Most Christian Majesty's most Pagan Territories, and if you'll have me particular to the place, at *BOURDEAUX*. *Ja.* But how I wonder came it

about, that you ran the risque of starving in a City so Rich, and provided with every thing? *Gi.*

'Tis even so as I tell you. *Ja.* Pretence what might be the occasion of it? was the Ready all gone, and your Pockets quite founderd? *Gi.* No

I faith I can't pretend that I wanted either Money or Friends. *Ja.* For my part I am not able to unriddle this Mystery, but explain it if you please.

Ga. You must know that some Business in the way of Trade led me to this City, since the Conclusion of the late Peace, and I both Lodged and Dyeted with a famous Merchant *Monsieur le Noirre*. *Ja.*

That Rich old Fellow that has purchased so many Lodgings, and had the fleecing of so many young Spendthrifts in his time? *Gi.* The same; but the

most penurious, sordid Hunch that ever Cheated the Gallows. *Ja.* 'Tis a Prodigy to me, that Men

of Bulk and Substance, who are above the apprehensions of Poverty should deny themselves the Pleasures, but much more the Conveniences of Life.

Gi. I don't wonder at it, for 'tis by this sordid way of Living, that from little or nothing to begin the World with, they scrape so much Wealth together. *Ja.* But why then should you chuse to pass

so

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so many Months with him of all the Men in the World, when you knew his Character beforehand?

Gi. There was an *Account* of a long standing to be made up between us, and besides I had a great fancy, how it came into my Head I don't know, to see the *management* of his Family.

Ja. Pray Communicate your *Observations* to a Friend then, for you have set my Curiosity on *Tip-toe* to know how it fared with you.

Gi. With all my heart, for 'tis no little *pleasure* to run over the *Hardships* one has sustained.

Ja. I am confident the *Relation* will be very *diverting* to me.

Gi. To Crown my *Miseries*, Providence so order'd it that the Wind sat full North for three whole Months, only this I must tell you, tho I am not *Philosopher* enough to assign the *Reason* for't, that it never held in that Quarter above eight Days together.

Ja. Why then did you tell me it kept there three whole Months?

Gi. Upon the eighth Day, as if by Agreement, it shifted its *Station*, where it continued for some seven or eight Hours, and then veer'd to the Old Point again.

Ja. So slender, and I was going to say so *Transparent* a Body as yours, wanted a good lusty Fire to keep it from Starving.

Gi. A plague on't, there was no want of Fire, if we had had but *Wood* enough; but our most worthy Landlord, old *Scrape-all*, to save all the Expences possible in *Firing*, ordered his

servants to steal old *Rods* and *Stumps* of Trees, which no one else thought worth the while to grub up but himself, and had them brought home

privately in the Night. Of these *precious* Stumps not a quarter dried enough, our Fire was made, which to do it Justice smoked *plentifully*, but never flamed out, so that tho it did not warm

us, we could not say there was no Fire, and that

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that was all our Landlord aimed at. One of these Fires would last us a whole day, so miserably did these perverse, knotty Loggs hold it out. *Ja.* Why, this was a cursed place for a Man to pass his Winter in. *Gi.* 'Twas so, and yet 'twas a thousand times worse to stay a Summer there. *Ja.* How could that be I wonder? *Gi.* Because the House was so damnably plagued with Fleas, and Bugs, and Gnats, that there was no resting for them in the day time, nor no sleeping in the night. *Ja.* What a wretched Wealth was here? *Gi.* Few Men I trust own, were Wealthier than our Master in this sort of Cause. *Ja.* Surely you had no Women in the Family, or else they were beathenish, lazy Sluts. *Gi.* The Females were mew'd up in an Apartment by themselves, and seldom came among the Men, so they did none of those Services which properly belong to that Sex in other Families. *Ja.* But how could the Master of the House endure all this Filth and Nastiness? *Gi.* Pshaw! he was us'd to it from his Cradle, and minded nothing in the World but scraping of Riches. He lov'd to be any where but at Home, and Traded in every thing you can think off; for Bourdeaux you know is a Town of great Commerce and Business. The famous Painter, whose Name is now out of my Head, thought the day lost wherein he did not employ his Pencil, and our Landlord looked upon himself as undone, if one single day pass'd over his Head without some Profit or Advantage; and if such a Disaster happen'd to him, he did not fail to make it out one way or other at Home. *Ja.* Why, what was his Method? *Gi.* He had a Cistern of Water in his Court-yard, as most of the People of that City have, out of which he drew so many Buckets of Cold

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Cold Adam, and flung them into his Hogsheds. This was a most certain profit to him. *Ja.* I suppose the Wine was somewhat of the strongest then, and wanted this Humiliation. *Gi.* Far from that, it was as dead as a Door-nail, for he never bought any Wine but what was decay'd to his hand, to have it at an easier Rate; and that he might not lose a drop of this Gut-gripling stuff, he would jumble and rumble ye the Grounds of, at least, Ten Years standing, and set them a fermenting together, that it might pass for New Wine upon the Lye, for, as I told you before, he would not have lost the least pint-full of Grounds to save his Grandfather's Soul. *Ja.* If the Doctor's word may be taken, this sort of Wine never fails to Reward a Man with the Stone at long run. *Gi.* They are certainly in the right on't, and in the most healthful years two or three at least of the Family had their Heels crept up with this Distemper. But what was this to Monsieur le Maigre? He never troubled his Head about the Business, nor car'd a farthing how many Burials went out of his House, nor he I promise you. *Ja.* 'Tis strange, but what was the reason? *Gi.* He made a Penny even of the Dead, and the Grave paid a Tribute to him. There was no gain so contemptible and base but what he would catch at as greedily as a Gudgeon at a Fly. *Ja.* Under favour, this was downright Theft though. *Gi.* Your Merchants call it turning an honest penny, or Christen it by the Name of good Husbandry. *Ja.* Well, but what sort of Liquor did the old Hunchs drink all this while? *Gi.* The very same Nectar almost that I told you of. *Ja.* And did he find no harm, no inconvenience by it? *Gi.* You know the old Proverb, No Carrion will Kill a Crow. Besides, he had a Body as hard as a Flint,

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Flint, and cou'd have made a *heavy* Meal upon Hay or chopt Straw. Had he been in *Nebuchadnezzar's* Case, it had been no *Punishment* to have sent him to Grass. The *Prodigal Son* in the Gospel when he robb'd the poor Swine and fed upon Husks was a perfect *Epicure* to him. He had accusom'd himself to this *delicious* Fare from his *Infancy*. But to return to our Subject. He looked upon this *Dashing* and *Brewing* of his Wine to be a most *certain* Profit to him. *Ja.* How so I beseech you? *Gi.* You'll soon find it out by the help of a very little *Arithmetick*. If you reckon his Wife, his Sons, his Daughter, his Son-in-law, his Men servants, and his Maid servants, he had about *Thirty three* Mouths to provide for in the Family. Now the more he *Corrected* his Wine with Water, the less of it was drunk, and the longer it was a drawing off. So then, if you Compute a *large* Bucket of Water thrown in every day of the Week, it will amount to no *despicable* Summ, let me tell you, at the Year's end. *Ja.* Oh! *sordid* Rascal! I never heard of such a *Monster* before. *Gi.* This was not all, he made the same advantage by his Bread. *Ja.* More mysterious still; and how cou'd that be? *Gi.* He wou'd never buy you any *Wheat* but what was *musty*, and such as the *meanest* Porter in the City wou'd scorn to buy for his own Eating. Now in the first place here was a present gain, because he bought it so much *Cheaper*, and then he had a *never failing* trick to cure the *Mustiness*. *Ja.* I long to hear what it was. *Gi.* There is a sort of *Chalk*, if you have observ'd it, not altogether unlike to *Corn*, which you may see *Horses* are *delighted* with, when they gnaw it out of the Walls, and Drink more freely than usual of that *Pond* water, where this

Chalk

Thank is to be found! He mixed one Third part at least of this Earth with his Bread. 7th And do you call this *Earning* it? Gi. I know by experience, that it made the *Musliness* of the Corn to be not altogether so *perceivable*. Now tell me, was not this a *considerable* Profit? Besides, he had another *Stratagem* in reserve, for he *Baked* his own Bread at Home, which in the very midst of *Summer* he never did *often* than *twice* a Month. 8th Why surely it must be as *hard* as Marble. Gi. And *harder* if 'tis possible, but we had a *Remedy* at hand for that too. 9th Perhaps *worse* than the *Disease*, but what was it? Gi. With much tugging and sweating we cut this delicious Bread into fine thin *Slices*, and soaked them in the *Wine*. 10th The Devil a *Barrel* the *brisk* Herring; but how did the *Servants* bear this abominable *Usage*? Gi. First let me tell you how the *Top-falks* of a *Family* were served, and then you may easily conjecture how the *Servants* fared. 11th I am in pain till you acquaint me. Gi. It was as bad as *Treason* to mention that *Apocryphal* Word, *Breakfast* in the Family; and as for *Dinner*, it was generally deferred till One of the Clock in the Afternoon. 12th Why so? Gi. We were obliged, you may think, in good Manners, to stay till the Master of the Family came Home, and we seldom Supped before Ten. 13th Well but old Friend of mine, how cou'd your Stomach brook to be *postponed* so? I have known the time when it was not *endued* with this admirable Gift of *Christian* Patience. Gi. You shall hear. 14th I called every other Moment upon our Landlord's Son-in-law, who lay upon the same Floor with myself. He in *Admiration*, said I, do ye make no Dining here as Bourdeaux? For the Lord's sake, Sir, said he, stay a little, my Father will be here.

here in a minute. Finding not the least motion towards Dinner, and my Gueſts very mutinous, *Have you Friend,* cry'd I, *will you ſtarve us here?* The courteous Gentleman begg'd my pardon once more, and deſired an Hour longer, or ſome ſuch triſle. Being unable any longer to bear the curſed Clamor which my Bonnets made, I bawl'd out again as loud as my Lungs wou'd give me leave, *the Devil's in this Family I think, what muſt we be allſamish'd?* When the *Monsieur* found that he had no more *Excuses* to make, he went down to the Servants and order'd them to lay the *Cloth*; all this while no *Maſter* of the Houſe came, and Dinner ſeem'd to be as far off as ever; ſo the Son-in-law wearied with the *Complaints* I perpetually rattled in his Ears, went to the Apartment where his Wife, and Mother, and Children were, and deſired them to give Orders for Dinner. *Ja.* Well, now I expect to hear how your *Entertainment* was ſerved in. *Gil.* Pray ben't ſo haſty. At laſt a lame ill-favoured Fellow, ſuch as they paint *Vulcan*, lay'd the Napkins upon the Table, for that it ſeems was his Province. This was the firſt ſtep made towards Dinner, and about an hour after, two glaſs Bottles fill'd with Water were brought into the Room, but not till I had made my ſelf as buſy as a *ſtrey-field* Organ with calling to them. *Ja.* Here's another ſtep I ſee towards Dinner. *Gil.* Don't be ſo buſty I tell you. At a conſiderable diſtance of time, but not without a world of *knocking*, and *bawling*, and *quarrelling*, a Bottle of the above-mention'd Wine, but as thick as *Diſhwater*, was ſet upon the ſide-board. *Ja.* That's well, however. *Gil.* But not a jot of Bread came along with it, tho' there was no great danger we ſhou'd touch it, for one of *Col. Walker's* *Starvelings* in *London derry* wou'd

would have refused such Stuff. We bawl'd and roar'd again, till we had almost splie our Wind-pipes, and at last the *Bread* appeared, but so rock and hard, that I would defie the *strangest* Bear in *Moscow* to break it asunder with his *Jaws*. *Ja*. Well, but now there was no *danger* of Starving, which is a *blessing* you know? *Gil*. Late in the afternoon our *Worshipful Landlord* came home, and generally with this *unlucky* pretence that his *Belly* ached. *Ja*. Why, what the *Plague* was that to you, or any one else? *Gil*. Only *this much* that then we went *fasting* to Bed; for who could have the *ill Manners* to think of *eating*, when the *Master* of the House was out of *order*. *Ja*. But was he *really* sick? *Gil*. So *very* sick, that he would have devoured ye a *rump* of Beef and a couple of *Copins* if you would have *Treated* him. *Ja*. Well, Now, *Sim*, if you please to let me know your *Bill of Fare*. *Gil*. In the *first* place, there was served in a *little* Plateful of *Gray-poufs*, which the Women there cry about the Streets, and sell to *ordinary* People; and this *Regale* was for the old *Gentleman's* own eating. He pretended that this was his *Remedy* against all *Diseases*. *Ja*. How many were there of you that sat down to Table? *Gil*. Sometimes eight or nine, among whom was *Monfieur Bandis*, a *learned Gentleman*, to whose *Character* I suppose you are no *stranger*, and our *Landlord's* eldest *Son*. *Ja*. And what had they set before them to eat? *Gil*. What? why, the same that *Melchisedech* offer'd to *Abraham*, after he had *Conquer'd* the *five Kings*. And was not that *enough* in conscience for any *reasonable* Man? *Ja*. But had you no *Meat* at all. *Gil*. Yes, but very little, God knows. I remember that once *was* of us sat down to *Dinner*, but may I pass another *Winter* there,

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there, if we had any thing else but *seven* small *Lettice-leaves*, swimming most daintily in *Vinegar*, but not a jot of *Oyl* to bear them company. *Ja*. Well, but did old *Pinch-gut* devour all his *Grappase* by himself? *Gil*. You must know, he bought but a *Farthing's* worth of them; however, he did not absolutely forbid those that sat next him to *tast* them; but it looked somewhat *Clownish*, or worse to rob a sick Man of his *Vitnals*. *Ja*. But were not your *Lettice-leaves* split with great dexterity to make the greater show. *Gil*. Why, truly no, that I must needs say; and when those that sat at the upper end of the Table had eaten these *Leaves*, the rest of the *Guests* sopp'd their *Bread* in the *Vinegar*, and eat it in their own *Defence*. *Ja*. And what I pray came after these *seven Lettice-leaves*. *Gil*. A very merry *Question* I faith. What came after? Why, what but the constant *Epilogue* of all *Dinners*, the *Cheese*. *Ja*. Pardon my *Curiosity*, but was this your daily Fare? *Gil*. Generally speaking it was, but now and then when the old *Gentleman* had the good Luck to overreach any one in the way of *Trade*, he wou'd be a little more open hearted. *Ja*. I long to know how he *Entertained* you then. *Gil*. Upon such an occasion he wou'd so far play the *Prodgal*, as to lay ye out a whole *Penny*, with which he wou'd order three fresh Bunches of *Grapes* to be bought. On such an extravagant gaudy Day as this, the *Family* was like to run out of their *Wits*. *Ja*. And had but too much Reason for't, by what I perceive. *Gil*. We were regall'd in this manner never but when *Grapes* were dog cheap. *Ja*. So then I find he never treated you but in the *Autumn*. *Gil*. Yes, hang him, he did. You have *Fishermen* there that take ye a world of *Cockles* and

and chiefly out of the *Common Shores*, which they *Cry* about the *Streets*. In this precious *Commodity* he wou'd sometimes out of his great *Generosity* lay out an *Half-penny*. You'd have sworn then that we had a *Wedding Feast* in the *Family*: There was a *Fide* made in the *Kitchin*, tho' not very *great*, for these *Cockles* you must understand are boyld in a *minute*. This rare *Dish* came always after the *Cheese*, and serv'd instead of a *Desert*.

Ja. A most extraordinary *Desert* upon my word. Well but had you never any *Flesh* or *Fish* to keep your *Stomachs* in play? Gil. At last the Old *Gentleman*, wearied and overcome with the *Reproaches* I made him, began to be somewhat more *splendid* in his *Eating*. Now when he design'd to play the *Epicure* in good earnest, the *Bill of Fare* was as follows. Ja. I shall imagine my self now at *Lockets*, or the *Blow Posts* in the *Hay-Market*. Gil. *Imprimis*, We had a *Dish* of *Soap* season'd with the following *Spices*. They took you a large *Kettle* of *Water* and set it over the *Fire*; Into it they flung several *pieces* of *Skimm'd-Milk Cheese*, but as hard as *Iron*. In short, there was no hewing of it without a good *Hatchet*. At last these *venerable* *Fragments* of *Cheese* wou'd begin to grow a little *better natured*, by *Virtue* of the *Fire* beneath, and then they *discoloured* the abovemention'd *Water* so prettily, that a *Man* cou'd not positively say 'twas meer *Element*. Now, Sir, this *Soap* was brought in as a *preparative* for the *Stomach*.

Ja. *Soap* do ye call it, 'twas only fit for the *Hogs*. Gil. When this was taken away, we had in the next place a small *diminutive* *Dish* of *Tripe*, that was boyled at least *fifteen* days before. Ja. Surely then it stunk most *egregiously*. Gil. It did so, but we had a *trick* to help that. Ja.

Prishee what was it? *Gil.* I am afraid you will use it your self, if I tell you. *Ja.* Ay, marry, Sir; there's great danger of that. *Gil.* They would put ye an Egg or two into warm Water and beat them well together, then they daubed the Tripe oven with this Liqueur. By this means your Eyes were cheated, but 'twas impossible to cheat your Nose, for the stink, I warrant ye, would force its way through a Stone Wall. If it happen'd to be a Faste day, we had sometimes three Whittings, and those the smallest the Market afforded, tho there were seven or eight of us at Table; *Ja.* But you had something else I suppose? *Gil.* Nothing but that confounded Cheese I told you of, as hard as an Usurers Conscience. An Ostrich that makes nothing to Breakfast upon Iron could never digest it. *Ja.* Well, *Monsieur le Maitre* is the oldest Epicure I ever heard of; but prishee answer me one Civil Question: How a God's Name could such slender Provision be enough for so many Guests of you, especially since you had no Breakfast to blunt the edge of your Stomachs? *Gil.* Nay Sir, I shall increase your wonder when I tell you that the remainders of our Dinner fed the Mother-in-law, and the Daughter-in-law, the youngest Son, a Servant maid, and a Sister of Children. *Ja.* You have indeed; 'tis now a greater Riddle to me than before. *Gil.* 'Tis impossible for me to explain this difficulty to you, until I first represent to you in what Order we sat at Table. *Ja.* Let me beg that favour of you then. *Gil.* Our Landlord sat at the upper end, and my Worship on the right hand of him; his Son-in-law *Monsieur Pen* directly over against our Landlord; *Monsieur Baudin* sat next to *Monsieur Pen*, and one *Constance* a Grecian next to him: But I forgot to tell you, that

our

our Landlord's Eldest Son, the *Heir* apparent of the Family, sat on his Father's left hand. If any Stranger came to Dine with us, he was placed according to his *Quality*. As for the *Soap*, there was no great danger of its being eaten up; but you must know that in the Plates of those worthy *Gentlemen*, who had the honour of being chiefly in our Landlord's good Graces, a few little *Bits* of the damn'd Cheese above-mentioned floated up and down, and looked like the *Maldivy* Islands in a Map of the *East-Indies*. This *miraculous* Hog-wash was encompassed with some four or five *Bottles* that held Wine and Water, which form'd a fort of a *Barricado*, so that no body could reach his Spoon to it, except the *Three* before whom the Dish stood, unless he had a mind to be very *Impudent* indeed, and *scale* the Walls of the *Garrison*: However this Dish did not stay there long, but was soon taken away that something might be left for the Family. Ja. How did the rest employ themselves all this while, I pray? Gil. Why, they *regaled* themselves after the old *delicious* manner; they soak'd their Bread, which as I told you before, was half *Wheat* and half *Chalk*, in that sour thick nasty Wine, and so fed upon't. Ja. Your Dinner certainly used to be over in a minute. Gil. You are mistaken, it held above an hour. Ja. I can't imagine how that could be. Gil. After the Servants had taken away the *Soap*, which you may remember was none of the most *tempting* fare; the Cheese was set upon the Table, which run no great *Risque* of being much *demi-lished*, for it defied the *sharpest* Knife that ever appeared at the *keenest* Ordinary. Every Man's *Portion* of Bread and Wine stood before him still, and over these *Dainties* we were at leisure to Chat,

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and tell *Stories*, and *divert* our selves, in the mean time the *Women* Dined. *Ja.* But how did the *Servants* fare after all? *Gil.* They had nothing in *Common* with us, but Dined and Supr at their own *Hours*: But this I must tell you, that take the *whole* day, they did not spend above *half* an hour at their *Victuals*. *Ja.* I desire once more to know how they were *served*? *Gil.* You need not give me that *trouble*, but may easily *guess*.

Ja. Your *Germans* now think an *Hour* too little to *Breakfast* in; they take the same time generally at their *Beaver*; an *hour* and *half* at least goes at *Dinner*, and at least *two hours* at *Supper*; Then unless their *Bellies* are well fill'd with the best *Wine*, and *Flesh* and *Fish* of all sorts, they immediately *discard* their *Masters*, and run to the *Army*.

Gil. Every Nation has its peculiar *Genius* and way of *Living*. The *Italians* bestow but very little upon their *Bellies*; they wou'd rather you shou'd give them a piece of *Money* than the best *Entertainment*, and this *Frugality* or *Temperance* they rather owe to *Nature* than *Custom*.

Ja. Well, now I don't wonder that you are come Home so *Lean*, but rather how you cou'd make a *shift* to keep Body and Soul together so long, since to my *knowledge* you were so *used* to *Capons*, and *Patridges*, and *Pigeons*, and *Pheasants*, with a long *Et Cetera* too tedious to be mentioned.

Gil. Why *Troth* I had very fairly *trooped* off, if I had not *bethought* my self of due *Remedies*. *Ja.*

The *World* went very ill with you for certain, when you were forced to *Betters* it with these *Remedies* as you call them. *Gil.* I brought matters about so, that I had the *fourth* part of a boyled *Pullet* allow'd me every *meal*, to keep up my *languishing* *Spirits*. *Ja.* Ay marry, now you be-

gin

gin to live. *Gil.* Not altogether so well as you imagine. Old *Gripe* bought the *Pullets* himself, but they were the least he could lay his Hands on, to save *Expences*. I dare engage that six of them would not serve a *Polander* of a tolerable Stomach to make his breakfast on; and when he had bought them he would not give them the least corn, because forsooth he would not put himself to extraordinary Charges. Thus a *Wing* or a *Leg* of the poor *Fowl*, that was half starved before they put it into the Pot, fell to my share, and the *Liver* always went to Monsieur *Pen's* little Son. As for the *Broth* they made of it, the Women perpetually lapp'd it up, and every other minute would put you fresh *Water* into the Pot, to make this precious Pottage hold out the longer. Now when it was perfectly boil'd to Rags, and as dry as a *Chip*, a Leg of it or so came to your humble Servant. The *Broth* was nothing in the world but *Water bewitched*, if it deserved so good a Name. *Ja.* And yet People tell me that you have all sorts of *Fowl* there in great Plenty and Perfection, and exceeding cheap. *Gil.* 'Tis even so, but *Money* is harder to come by. *Ja.* You have done Penitence enough one would think, tho' you have knocked the old Gentleman at the *Vatican* in the Head, or entrust'd a Point upon *S. Peter's* Tomb. *Gil.* But hear the rest of the *Fayce* our. You know there are five days in every Week, on which 'tis lawful to eat *Flesh*. *Ja.* Well, and what of that? *Gil.* So our Landlord made two *Pullets* last the whole Week; for on *Thursday* he would pretend that he forgot to go to *Market*, lest he should be obliged to spend a whole *Pullet* on that day, or lest any of it should be left to the Servants. *Ja.* By what I perceive, your Landlord was ten times a greater Miser than *Esculap*

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in *Plantar.* But on *Fifth days* what course did ye
take I wonder to keep your self alive? *Gil.* I em-
ploy'd a certain Friend of mine to buy me three
Eggs every morning with my own Money; two for
Dinner, and one for Supper. But here the *Women*
play'd the Devil with me; for instead of new laid
Eggs, (and I'm sure I paid as if they had been such)
they wou'd give me rotten ones, such as were only fit
to be levell'd at a *Pillory*: So that I thought my self
very kindly and courteously dealt with indeed; if one
of my three Eggs proved eatable. I likewise
bought me some *Flasks* of good Wine for my own
drinking, but those everlasting *Harpyes* the *Women*
broke up my Cellar door, and in a few days did
not leave me a drop; neither was our most incom-
parable Landlord much pleas'd at the Matter.
Ja. But did none of the Family take pity of your
sad Condition? *Gil.* Take pity, say you? No,
they call'd me *Glutton* and *Corbairant*, and rave-
nous *Monster* that wou'd certainly bring a *Famine*
into their Country. Upon this Head that accom-
plished Gentleman, *Monsieur Pen* wou'd frequen-
tly give me good Advice; he soberly and gravely
counsell'd me to consider the Place where I lived,
and to have some regard to my Health in so tick-
lish a Climate, giving me the Names of several of
my Country-men, who had either died *Martyrs* to
their own *Gluttony*, or contracted very dangerous
Distempers by it. When notwithstanding these
wholesome Admonitions, which he daily pour'd into
my Ears, he found me an incorrigible Reprobate
to my Guts, and ever now and then propping my
Lean, Sickly, feeble Carcass with some foolish
Truffles that were to be had at the *Confectioners*,
made of the Kernels of *Pine-apples*, *Almonds*,
and such worthy Stuff; when I say he found me

so intirely abandon'd to the Interest of my Belly, and so prodigally pampering myself, he got a certain Physician, with whom he knew I was acquainted, to persuade me to a more Temperate course of Life, and be less indulgent to my self in Diet. The Doctor, to give him his due, performed his part notably, and inculcated these pious Precepts to me every morning. I soon perceiv'd, that he was set on to do it, and suited my Answers accordingly. At last finding him perpetually to harp upon this String, so that his Company grew troublesome and troublesome; Worthy Doctor, said I to him, Pray answer me one civil Question, do ye speak this in jest or in earnest? Oh in earnest, replied he, well then, continued I, what wou'd you have me do? Why, to leave off Suppers for good and all, said he, and to mix at least one half Water with your Wine. I cou'd not forbear laughing at this extraordinary Advice; so said I to him, Doctor, if 'tis your Will and Pleasure to see me decently laid in a Church-yard, you take an infallible course to bring it about; for I'm sure it wou'd be present death to me, in the present Circumstances of this poor dispirited Body, to leave off Suppers; and I am so confident of this Truth, that I am loath to make the Experiment. What do you think wou'd become of me, if after such scurvy Dinners as we have here, I shou'd go Supperless to Bed? And then to bid me mingle Water with such weak insipid Wine, pray consider, is it not infinitely better to drink clear Water as it comes from the Fountain, than to debauch it with such wretched sour stuff. I don't question but that Adonfieur Pen (a Plague take him for 't) order'd you to give me this ghostly Advice; for indeed 'tis fitter for one of Glanville's, or Mr. Aubry's Spectres, than for Flesh and Blood to follow. At this the Doctor smiled in spite of his affected Gravity, and was pleased

pleased to allow me better Terms than before. Worthy Sir, cried he, I did not say this to you with an intention that you should totally leave off Supper; you may eat an Egg and drink a Glass of Wine, for this is my own manner of living. I have an Egg boiled me for my Supper, one half of the Yolk I eat myself, and I give my Son the other half, then I drink half a Glass of Wine, and by Virtue of this Refreshment, I make a shift to study till late in the Night. *Ja.* But did not this Physician put the Doctor upon you, as the saying is? Do you think this Account he gave of himself was true? *Gil.* Ay, most certainly. As I was once coming home from Church, a Gentleman that bore me Company, pointing to a certain House, told me the Doctor lived there. Upon this I had a curiosity to visit his Quarters; so I knocked at the Door, and in I came. I remember it was a Sunday of all the Days of the Year, and I surprized the Doctor with his Son, and a Servant at Dinner. The Bill of Fare was a couple of Eggs, and the Devil a jot of any thing else. *Ja.* Why, surely these People were scarce able to crawl. They would have made most excellent Ghosts for a Play, I warrant you. *Gil.* Far from that, they were both plump and in good liking, their Eyes brisk and lively, and their Cheeks fresh coloured and ruddy. *Ja.* 'Tis wonderful strange, I can scarce bring myself to believe it. *Gil.* Nothing is truer I can assure you. The Doctor is not the only Person that lives thus, but several others, Men of Bulk and Substance in the World. Take my word for't, much eating and much drinking is a matter of Custom rather than Nature. If a Man uses himself to a pure Diet, he may e'en carry it as far as he pleases, and be the Reverse of Milo, who, as History tells us, came from

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from eating a *Calf* to devour a whole *Ox* at a sitting. *Ja.* Good Heavens! if it is possible for a Man to preserve his Health with so little Nourishment, I can't but think what a prodigious Expence the *English*, the *Germans*, the *Danes* and *Poles* squander away upon their Bellies. *Gil.* No doubt on't but they might save half in half in their *Kitchens*, which now they foolishly consume to the apparent Prejudice of their *Healthis*, as well as *Understandings*. *Ja.* But why then Noble Sir, could not you content your self with this *Philosophical Fare*? *Gil.* I had accustomed my self all along to several Dishes, and it was too late to alter my way of living then. Tho' to tell you the truth, I was rather scandalized at the *Quality*, than at the quantity of their *Victuals*. Two *Eggs* would have served me very well for *Supper*, if they had been fresh laid; and half a pint of *Wine* would have been enough in all conscience, if it had not been as thick as *Mustard*, and as sour as *Vinegar*. To conclude, one quarter of the *Bread* would have been as much as I could compass, if they had not given me *Chalk* instead of *Bread*. *Ja.* Lord! that your Landlord *Monsieur le Maitre* should be such a sordid Wretch amidst so prodigious a Wealth? *Gil.* I speak within compass, when I tell you that he was worth fourscore thousand *Ducats* the least Penny, and never a year pass'd over his head that he did not get a thousand Pounds clear in the way of *Morchandize*. I speak the least. *Ja.* And did those hopeful young Sparks, to whom he design'd all these Riches, use the same Parsimony? *Gil.* They did, but it was only at home. When they were got abroad, they Eat, and Drank,

Drank, and Whored and Gamed most plentifully, and while their penurious old Dad thought it much to spend one single Six-pence at his House, to Treat the best Relations and Friends he had in the whole world, these prodigal Rakehells wou'd make you nothing to loose forty score broad Pieces in a night at Play. 74. This is the usual Fate of your great Estates that are gotten with Gripping and Oppression. What is got over the Devil's Back, we say, is spent under his Belly.——But if I may be so bold as to ask you one Question, now you have scaped this enchanted Country, where are you steering your Course? Gil. Why, to a parcel of Jolly Companions at the Rammer in Queen-street, to see if I can make my self amends there, for all the Hardships I have suffer'd abroad.

Xantippe, Or, The Imperious
Wife.

COL. VI.

*The Duty of wives. Husbands, tho' never so
Untowardly and Vicious not to be Treated with
Contempt or ill Language. A Scolding wife
generally makes her Husband a greater Sor
instead of amending him. Some Instances of
Virtuous Ladies that have reclaim'd their
Husbands from an ill course of Life, by Gen-
tleness and good Usage.*

Eulalia. Xantippe.

Eu. **M**Y dear Xantippe a good Morning to
you. Xan. The same to you Eulalia.
You look Prettier than you used to do methinks.
Eu. What do you begin to fear me already?
Xan. Not I upon my word, I abhor it. But so you
seem to me, I'll assure you. Eu. Perhaps then
my New Clothes may set me off to advantage.
Xan. You guess right, 'tis one of the prettiest Sets
I ever beheld, and then the Trimming too is so
agreeable. Well you have the best Fancy with
you of any Woman in the World. 'Tis English
Cloth I suppose? Eu. The Wool indeed is Eng-
lish, but it was Dyed at Venice. Xan. Bless me!
it feels as soft as Silk, and the Colour is the
most bewitching that can be: But who gave you this
fine Present I wonder? Eu. From whom should
a vir-

a virtuous *Wife* receive any *Presents*, but from her *Husband*? *Xan.* Well! you are a *Happy Woman*, that you are, to have that *precious Jewel*, a good *Husband*: For my part, I wish I had *Marr'd* a *Mushroom*, a *Bean-stalk*, the head of an old *Base Viol*, or any thing, when the *Parson* joyn'd me to this *Sor*, this incorrigible *Beast*. *Eu.* What, is your *House* *antick* already, and is it come to a *Rupture* between you? *Xan.* And so it is like to *hold* to the end of the *Chapter* for me. Do but see what a *pitiful Manteau* I am forced to wear; and yet he is *glad* to see me go so like a *Dowdy*. May I never stir, if I am not *assumed* to go to *Church*, or a *Gossiping*, to see how much *Finer* my Neighbours are *Dressed* than me, whose *Husbands*, tho I say it, have not a *quarter* of the *Estate*, that *mine* has. *Eu.* The true Ornament of a *Matron*, as our *Doctor* will inform you, does not consist in *gandy Cloaths*, and a *rich out-side*, in *Jewels* and *Necklaces*, but in *Blackness* and *Chastity*, and in the *Endowments* of the *Mind*. Harlots are *tricked up* on purpose to draw in *Customers*, but an *honest Woman* is set out to all the *advantage* she can desire, if she's but so *happy* as to please her *Husband*. *Xan.* In the mean time this most *worthy Tool* of mine, who *grudges* every *Farthing* that is laid out upon his *Wife*, takes all the pains in the *World* to *squander* away the *Fortune* I brought him, which, by the by, was not *Contemprible*. *Eu.* As how I pray? *Xan.* Why, as the *Maggor* bites, sometimes upon his *Whores*, sometimes at *Gaming*, or at the *Tavern*. *Eu.* Oh *Fie*! You shou'd never say this of your *Husband*. *Xan.* But I'll justify it to be *true*; and then when the *Brute* comes home at *Midnight* with his *Cargo* of *Claret* in his
Guts,

Xantippe, or, The Imperious Wife. 61

Guts, and stinking of Tobacco worse than a *Pele-
cat*, he does nothing but *swore* all the *Night* long;
and 'tis a Mercy if he leaves nothing but his *Wine*
between the Sheets, for sometimes 'tis worse with
him. *En.* Peace, I'll hear no more of this; you
forget that you really *lessen* your self when you
lessen your Husband. *Xan.* Let me dye if I would
not rather take up my Quarters in a *Pussy* with
a cleanly *Hog*, than lye with such a mixture of
Nastiness and Brutality. *En.* And when you
find him in such a *pickle*, don't you *scold* at him
to some purpose? *Xan.* Yes indeed I *use* him as
he *deserves*. I suppose he's satisfied that I have
Lungs upon occasion. *En.* Well, and how does
he *relish* this *Treatment*? *Xan.* At first he *boast'd*
and *swagger'd* most Heroically, thinking to *frighten*
me with his *Big words* and all that. *En.* And did
it never come to *downright Blows* between you?
Xan. Once, and but once, the *Quarrel* rose so
high, that we were within an Ace of *Fifty Cuffs*. *En.*
What's this I hear? *Xan.* My Spark had a *Crab-
tree* Cudgel in his Hand, which he *lifted* up, *Swear-
ing* and *Cursing* like a *Foot Soldier* at an unbe-
lieving *Country Innkeeper*, and threatening to make
a *severe* example of me. *En.* And were you not
afraid that he'd be as good as his word? *Xan.* To
prevent that, I snatched up a *Three-legg'd Steel*,
and told him that I'd *Comb* his *Head* with it, if
he offer'd to *touch* me with his little *Finger*. *En.*
A merry sort of a *Buckler* upon my word. *Xan.*
Had he not *sounded* a *Retreat*, he had found so
his *Cost*, I believe, that he had no *Child* to deal
with. *En.* Oh my dear *Xantippe* you do *ill* in
this, I must tell you. *Xan.* Pray in what respect?
For if he does not *use* me as his *Wife*, I don't know
why I shou'd *use* him as my *Husband*. *En.* The
New

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New Testament will tell you *other* things; *St. Paul* says that *Wives* ought to be subject to their *Husbands* with all *Reverence*; and *St. Peter* proposes the example of *Sarah* to us, who call'd her *Husband Abraham*, Lord. *Xan.* This I know full well; but the *Apostle* you first mention'd, likewise *Teaches*, that *Men* shou'd love their *Wives*, as *Christ* loved his *Sponse* the *Church*: Let him put his own *Duty* in *Practice*, and I'll not forget mine I promise you. *Eu.* Well, but when things are come to such a *Dilemma*, that either the *Wife* or *Husband* must *knock* under the *Table*, I think it but *reasonable* that the *Woman* shou'd submit to the *Man*. *Xan.* Why must I look upon him to be my *Husband*, who uses me worse than a *Kitchen-wench*? *Eu.* But tell me, *Xantippe*, did he never threaten to beat you after this? *Xan.* No, no, he grew wiser and repented of his *Falour*; otherwise he had taught a *Tartar*, I can tell him but that. *Eu.* So then I hope you left off *Scolding* at him. *Xan.* No, never while I have this *Tongue* in my *Head*. *Eu.* But how does your *Husband* bear it all this while? *Xan.* Why sometimes he pretends to be *fast asleep*, sometimes he does nothing in the world but *Laugh*, and sometimes he takes his confounded *Fiddle*, with no more than three *Strings* to'r, and *scrapes* ye upon the batter'd old *Instrument* with as much *might* and *pains* as if he were a *Threshing*, and all this on *purpose* to stop my *Pipe*. *Eu.* And did not that vex the very *Heart* of you? *Xan.* So much, that I cou'd almost have *tore* him to pieces for downright *Madness*. *Eu.* Well, my dear *Xantippe*, will you give me leave to talk a little *freely* to you? *Xan.* With all my *Heart*, say what you please. *Eu.* Nay you shall do as much with me: And this I think is no more than what our long

long Acquaintance will warrant, for You and I have known one another from our Cradles. *Xan.* You say true, and there's none of my Play-fellows I love better than your self. *Eu.* Let your Husband prove what he will, yet I'de have you still carry it in your Mind, that it is not in your Power to change him for another. Heretofore, indeed, when things came to an open Rupture, and no Reconciliation could be hoped for, a Divorce might set both Parties at ease, which is not to be done at this time of day; for now you must bear with him for better, for worse to the last breath in your Body: Try what Tricks you please, he will still be your Husband, and you his Wife. *Xan.* How I could rail at those that rob'd us of this privilege! *Eu.* Have a care what you say: No wise Man than he that Instituted our Religion, thought fit to lay this Curb upon us. *Xan.* I can't believe it. *Eu.* But 'tis as I tell you. So then your Husband and You have nothing left to do, but to suit your Tempers and Dispositions to one another, and so bear the Yoke of Matrimony as contentedly as you can. *Xan.* But do you think 'tis possible for me to work a Miracle, and to alter the Nature of this insufferable Brute? *Eu.* You must give me leave to tell you however, that it does not a little depend upon a Wife what sort of a Man her Husband will make. *Xan.* And do your Husband and you live in perfect Amity? *Eu.* Yes, Heaven be praised, all is easy and Quier with us now. *Xan.* Then I find there has been some bickering formerly between you. *Eu.* Nothing that could properly be called a Tempest; only, as no Condition of Life is Perfect on this side Heaven, a few small Clouds began to appear, which might have occasioned very ill Weather, if care had not been taken to prevent

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prevent it by a wise Conduct. Every one has his peculiar Humours and Fancies; and if we will honestly speak the truth, every one has his Faults more or less, which in the *Matrimonial* State especially, we ought to *Connive* at, and not to *Hare*. *Xan.* Indeed I must own this to be true. *Eu.* Now it frequently happens that that good understanding and friendship, which ought to be preserved between a Man and his Wife, is *fatally* interrupted, before they have any tolerable knowledge of one another. And this is the first thing that ought to be provided against; for when once the Spirit of Division has disunited them, 'tis a difficult matter to make a reconciliation, especially if ever it went so high as to come to *Personal Reflections*. We see that pieces of Wood which are *glue'd* together, if they are *rudely* used at first, are easily broke asunder; but if you give them time to settle, and the glue is *thoroughly* dried, there's no danger of their breaking. For this reason all the care in the World ought to be taken, that in the *Infancy* of Marriage a good Correspondence be settled between both Parties and take deep rooting. This is principally effected by a *mutual* complaisance and *assuagement* of Disposition; for Love that has nothing but *Beauty* to keep it in good health, is *Short-lived* and apt to have *Ague-fits*. *Xan.* Pray then oblige me so far as to tell me by what *Art* you made your Husband *tractable*? *Eu.* With all my heart, that you may Copy after them. *Xan.* So I will, if they are but practicable. *Eu.* Oh the easiest in Nature, if you'll give your *Mind* to't; and this I must tell you for your comfort, that 'tis not too late to put them in Execution. Your Spouse is in the flower of his Youth, and so are you, and, as I take it, it is not a full *Twelvemonth* since you were Married. *Xan.* You are

are in the right, 'tis thereabouts. *En.* I will tell you then, but upon condition that you'll keep it to your self. *Xan.* Never question that. I can be silent as well as another upon occasion. *En.* My first and chief care was to please my good Man in every respect, that nothing might give him offence or disgust. I diligently observed his Inclination and Temper, and what were his easiest moments, what things pleased, and on the other hand what distasted him; and this with as much Application, as your People that tame Elephants, Lions, and such sort of Creatures, that cannot be master'd by downright Strength. *Xan.* And such an Animal for all the World have I at Home. *En.* Your Keepers of Elephants take care to wear nothing that is White about them, as those that pretend to manage Bulls forbear the use of Red Cloth, because they find by Experience that these Colours are disagreeable to both these Creatures. Thus we see that the beating of a Drum will set a Tyger stark raging Mad, so that he will tear his own Flesh; and thus your Jockies have particular Sounds, and Whistles, and Strokes to flatter their Horses when they are ill condition'd. How much more does it concern us then to use all imaginable means to fix our selves in our Husbands Good Graces, with whom, whether we will or no, we must Live all our Lives at Bed and at Board, till Death comes to our Relief? *Xan.* Well, go on with what you have begun. *En.* When, after a diligent examination, I had found out his Humour, I accommodated mine to his, and took care that nothing should offend him. *Xan.* As how I wonder? *En.* In every thing relating to the Family, which you know is the peculiar Province of the Women, I shew'd my utmost dexterity and management; for I not only

well E provided

provided that nothing should be omitted and left undone, but likewise that every thing should be suitable to his Temper, even in *Trifles*, and matters of the least consequence. As for Instance, If my Husband fancied such a *Dish* of Meat, and would have it dressed after such a manner; if he would have so many *Blankets* on the Bed, or such *Furniture* in such a Room, 'twas all done to his *Fancy*. *Xan.* But how cou'd you humour a Man that is never at Home, but perpetually Sitting at the Tavern and Drunk? *Eu.* Hold, I am coming to that Point. If at any time I saw my Husband out of sorts and melancholy, and not caring much to be talked to, I would not for the world Laugh, or put on a gay Humour, as some Women use to do upon the like occasion, but I my self put on a grave, demure Countenance as well as he; for, as a *Looking-glass*, if it is a true one, faithfully represents the Face of him that looks in it, so a Wife ought to fashion herself to the Affection of her Husband; not to be cheerful when he is sad, nor sad when he is cheerful. Now whenever I found him very *Sagreen* indeed, I either endeavour'd to sooth him with fair words, or else held my Tongue, and waited till this ill Humour had spent it self, and then I took my opportunity to clear all mistakes and to admonish him. The same method I constantly observed, when he came Home somewhat Fuddl'd or so: At such a time I gave him all the indulgent tender Language I cou'd think off, and by this means got him to Bed. *Xan.* A blessed Life this, that we poor Wives are forced to lead, if we must humour our Husbands in everything that comes into their Noddle when Drunk or Angry. *Eu.* You don't consider that this Duty is Reciprocal, and that our Husbands are obliged to bear the same from us.

How,

However there is a *critical* time when a *Wife* may take upon her to *advise* her *Husband* in *Matters* of some *Importance*; for I think it much *better* to *wink* at *small* *Faults*. *Xan.* And how is she to know the *proper* time. *Eu.* Why, when his *Mind* is *Serene*, and nothing *disturbs* him, when he is *cool* and *sober*, then you may *admonish*, or rather *intreat* him, and this always in *private*, as to any thing wherein his *Estate*, or his *Health*, or *Reputation* are concerned. And this very *Advice* is to be *seasoned* with some *Pleasantries*, that it may look as if it were not *design'd*, but *accidental*. Sometimes by way of *Preface*, I agree with him before hand that he shan't be *angry*, if being a *foolish* *Woman*, I take upon me to *interpose* my own *Counsel* in any thing wherein his *Honour*, or *Health*, or *Preservation* are concerned. After I have said as much as I think *proper* at that time, I *turn* the *Discourse* to some more *entertaining* and *agreeable* *Subject*; for under the *Rose*, be it spoken, this is the *Fault* of us *Women*, that when once we have begun to *tune* our *Pipes*, we don't know *when* to *give* over. *Xan.* Why so they say indeed. *Eu.* This I always *Religiously* observed as a *Rule*, never to *hide* my *Husband* before *Company*, nor to *prattle* abroad of *Miscarriages* at *home*. What passes between *two* *People* is much *easier* made up, than when once it has *taken* *Air*; now if ever *Matters* come to *such* a pass, that the *Husband* is *incurable*, and no longer to be born with, I think it much the *prudent* *Course* for the *Wife* to carry her *Complaints* to the *Parents*, or *Relations* of her *Husband*, than to her own *Friends*, and besides to *manage* her *Complaints* with such *Discretion*, that the *World* may see she *only* hates the *Vices*, and not the *Person* of her *Husband*. Neither wou'd I have her *blab* out

all she knows, that even here her Husband may be obliged in spite of his Teeth to own and admire her *Civility* to him. *Xan.* A Woman must be a *Philosopher* with a witness, to be able to practice so much *Self-denial* upon her self. *En.* I am of another opinion, for by this Deportment and Conduct we prevail upon our *Husbands* to return the *Kindness* again. *Xan.* Well, but there are *Brutes* in the World whom all the good usage imaginable will never amend. *En.* I can hardly believe it; but put the case there are, this we ought to take for granted, that let our Husbands prove what they will, we must bear their Humours when once we have chose them, and then I'll appeal to you whether 'tis not infinitely better to soften him by a *conceit*ous Temper, or at worst to bear with all his *Failings*, than by our perpetual Scolding and Railing at him to exasperate and make him ten times worse. I cou'd, if I were so minded, instance in some *Husbands*, who by the like *Sweetnesses* have alter'd their *Spones* much for the better, then how much a greater Obligation lies upon us to use our Husbands in this manner. *Xan.* If you can Instance in such a Man, I must tell you he differs more from my *virtuous* Husband than *Black* from *White*. *En.* I have the Honour to be acquainted with a *Gentleman* of a very good Family, well Read, and Learned, and a Person of great Address and Dexterity. He married a young Lady of about *seventeen* years of Age, who had been Educated all along in the Country in her *Father's* House; for you know Men of *Quality* love to reside in the *Country* for the Conveniences of *Hunting* and *Hawking*. He was resolv'd to have a *raw unexperienc'd* Maid, that he might have satisfaction of moulding her to his own *Fancy*. So he began to give her some in-

sight

sight into *Books*, and to teach her *Musick*, and to use her by degrees to repeat the Heads of the *Parson's Sermon*, together with several other things, which he thought wou'd be of some use and advantage to her. Now this being wholly new to the *Girl*, who, as I told you before, had been bred up at home with all the *Tenderness* and *Delicacy* that you can imagine, amidst the *Flatteries* and *Submissions* of the *Servants*, she soon grew weary of this Life. She absolutely refus'd to learn any more, and when her Husband pressed her about it, she wou'd cry and roar as if she were going to be *Sacrificed*. Sometimes she wou'd throw her self flat upon the ground, and beat her Head against the *Floor*, and wish that *Death* wou'd come to end her *Affliction*; for alas, *Life* was a meer burden to her. Her Husband finding that there was no end of this, concealed his *Resentments*, and invited her to go along with him into the *Country* to divert themselves there at his *Father-in-law's* House. The young *Lady* liked this Motion well enough; so when they came to their *Journey's* end, the Gentleman leaves his Wife with her Mother and Sister, and goes a *Hunting* with his *Father-in-law*. When he had him alone in the Fields, he took his opportunity to tell him, that whereas he was in good hopes to have found an agreeable Companion in his *Daughter*, on the contrary she was always sobbing, and crying, and fretting her self without Reason, and that this *unaccountable* Habit had taken such deep rooting in her, that he feared she was incurable; however he conjured him to lend him his helping hand, to see if they could between them bring her to a better Temper. His *Father-in-law* answered, that he had put his *Daughter* for good and all into his *Power*,

er, and if she did not *behave* her self as she ought, he was at liberty to use his own *Authority*, and to Cudgel her into *due* Submission. *I know my own Power well enough*, replies the other, *but I had much rather my Wife shou'd be reason'd into her Duty by you, than to come to these Extremities.* At last the old Gentleman *promised* to use all his skill to reduce her, so after a day or two, he takes a proper time and place to *discourse* in private with his Daughter, and looking somewhat *austerely* upon her, he began to remind her, how indifferent she was as to her *Beauty*, how disagreeable as to her *Disposition*, so that he had often feared that he should never be able to get a *Husband* for her. But after a long enquiry, and much diligence, said he, *I had the good luck to find out one for you that the best Lady in the Land wou'd have been glad of; and yet you*, continued he, *like an insensible stupid Creature, as you are, neither considering what I your Father have done for you, nor reflecting that your Husband, unless he was the best natured Man in the World, wou'd scorn to take you for his Maid, perpetually dispute his Orders, and Rebel against him.* To make short of my Story, the old Gentleman seemed to be in such a *Passion* by his Discourse, that she expected every minute when he wou'd make her feel the weight of his *Hands*; for you must know he is so *adroit* and *cunning* a Blade, that he wou'd *set* ye any part as well as the best *Comedian* of them all. The young Lady partly wrought upon by her Fear, and partly convinced by the truth of what was told her, threw her self at her Father's Feet, humbly beseeching him to forget *past Faults*, and promising that she wou'd not be wanting in her *Duty* for the time to come. Her Father freely forgave her, adding, that she shou'd find him the most *indulgent*

Father

Father upon Earth, provided she kept her word. *Xan.* Well, but how ended this Affair? *En.* When this Dialogue was over, the young Lady returned directly to her Chamber, where finding her Husband all alone, she fell down upon her Marrow-bones, and addressed her self to him in the following manner. Sir, said she, Till this very moment I neither knew you nor myself, but you shall find me another sort of a Wife for the future, only I conjure you to grant me an Act of Oblivion for what is past. She had no sooner made an end, but her Husband took her up in his Arms, and kissed her, promising to doe every thing she cou'd desire of him, if she wou'd but continue in that Resolution. *Xan.* And did she continue in it I wonder. *Ecc.* Even to the Day of her Death. Nothing was so mean and humble, but she readily went about it, if her Husband wou'd have it so. In short they were the happiest and most loving couple in the whole Country, and the young Lady for several years afterwards wou'd bless her Stars, that it was her good Fortune to light upon such an Husband; for if I had not fallen into his Hands, I had been, she said, the most unhappy Woman upon the face of the Earth. *Xan.* Such Husbands are as scarce now a days as white Crows. *Gresham* Collidge, and the *Oxford* Elaboratory have nothing to match it. *En.* If I have not trespassed too much upon your Patience already, I will tell you a short Story of a certain Gentleman in this City, that was lately reclaimed by the good usage of his Wife. *Xan.* I have nothing upon my Hands at present, and besides your Conversation is so diverting, that methinks I could always listen to you. *En.* This Gentleman I am going to tell you of was descended from an honorable Family, and he like the rest of his own Estate

and Quality, took a *mighty* delight in *Hunting*. One day in his Country Rambles, he *accidentally* met with a pretty young *Damsel*, Daughter to a poor old *Woman* that lived in a *Hut* facing the *Common*. He fell *desperately* in Love with this Creature, as *old Men* you know like *Tinder* take *Fire* in an instant, and when they *love*, love to some *purpose*. For the sake of this young *Girl* he frequently *lay* from home, and *Hunting* was still made the *Pretence* for it. His *Lady*, a *Woman* of *admirable* Conduct and Goodness, suspecting there was more than *ordinary* in the Matter, was resolved at any rate to find out the *bottom* of it, and in her *search*, by what *Accident* I have now forgot, came to the above-mention'd *Cottage*, where she soon learnt all the *Particulars*, as what he *drank*, how his *Viſtinals* were *dressed*, where he *lay*, and so forth. This *House* was the most wretched *dog-hole* you cou'd any where see, with not a jot of *Furniture* to *help* it off. Away goes this *Lady* home, and returns immediately, bringing a *handsome* Bed, and other *Conveniencies*, and a Set of *Plate* to use upon occasion. She likewise *gave* the poor People some *Money* at parting, and advised them by all means that the next time the *Gentleman* came that way, they should *treat* him with more *respect*, not letting them know that she was his *Wife*, but pretending to be his *Sister*. Some few days after this her *Husband* coming thither, found the *Furniture* much alter'd for the *better*, and his *Entertainment* more *splendid* than it used to be. Upon this he *enquired* of them how this *sudden* change of the Scene happen'd, and they *honestly* told him that a *Woman* of *Quality*, as she appeared to be by her *Dress*, brought all those *fine* things thither, and gave it them in charge to *Treat* him

him with more *Respect* for the future. It immediately came into his *Head* that this was of his *Wife's* doing; so when he came home, he asked her whether she had been at *such a Place*, and mentioned it. She told him *she had*; then he desired to know for what *Reason* she had sent all that *rich Furniture* thither? *My Dear*, says she, *I found that your Lodging and Fare there was none of the best, and as I knew you were used to be better Treated at home, I thought it my Duty, that since you took a fancy to the place, to make your Reception more agreeable to you.* *Xan.* The Lady was to blame in my opinion. Had I been in her place, instead of *Bedding* and all that, I had sent him a *bundle of Nettles and Thistles* to have cooled his *Concupiscence* for him. *Eu.* Well, but hear the *Conclusion* of my Story. The Gentleman was so surprized at this *unusual* strain of good *Nature* and *Virtue* in his Lady, that he never after violated her Bed, or rambled abroad, but solaced himself with her at home. Now I am upon this Discourse, I suppose you know Mr. *Gilbert the Dutch Merchant.* *Xan.* I know him very well. *Eu.* I need not tell you then that he is in the *prime* of his Age, and that he Married a Gentlewoman well stricken in years. *Xan.* I suppose then he was in *Love* with her *Bags*, and not with her *Person.* *Eu.* That may be as you say, but to proceed. This *Spark* soon grew weary of his *Sponse*, and Intrigued with a *Mistress* in a corner, with whom he spent most of his Time. He seldom *Dined or Supt* at home. Now, pray tell me what you wou'd have done in such a Case. *Xan.* Why, I wou'd have torn his *Strumpet's* Head-cloaths off where ever I had met her; and as for my good *Man*, I wou'd have sprinkled him from top to toe with *Essence of Chamberpot*, and in that dainty
pickle

pickle he shou'd have visited his *Baggage*, if it was so rampant with him *En.* Well, but how much more prudently did this Gentlewoman carry her self? She Invited this *Rival* of hers to her own House, and received her with all the *Civility* imaginable. Thus without going to any of your *Raskally Astrologers* for a *Charm*, she kept her Husband at home; but whenever the *Maggot* took him to Sup with her abroad, she wou'd send you a good *Dish* or two of Meat to her *Lodgings*, and desire them to pass their time with one another as merrily as they cou'd. *Xan.* For my part I shou'd sooner choose to be in my *Grave*, than to be a *Bawd* to my own Husband. *En.* But pray consider the Matter soberly and coolly. Was not this infinitely better than if by her Churlishness, and *Ill-temper*, she had totally alienated her Husbands Affections from her, and spent her whole life in quarelling and bawling. *Xan.* I must confess that of the two *Evils* 'tis the least, but I cou'd never have submitted to it. *Ecc.* I will trouble you but with one other Story, and then I'll have done. This Neighbour of ours that lives next door to us, is a right honest Man, but somewhat Hasty and *Cholerick*. One day it fell out that he beat his Wife, a Woman of extraordinary Prudence. Upon this she immediately withdrew into her Apartment, and there crying and sobbing, endeavoured to give vent to her Resentments. Soon after upon one occasion or other her Husband came into the Room, where he found her drown'd in Tears. *Hey day!* says he, what means this putting Finger in Eye, and whimpering like a Child thus? To which she calmly answer'd, *Why, is it not better to lament my misfortune here, than to bawl out and make a noise in the Street, as other Women do.* Her Husband was so intirely overcome and disarm'd of his Passion

Passion by this conjugal Answer, that he gave her his *Hand*, and solemnly promised that he wou'd never strike her as long as he lived, and he was as good as his word I must tell you. *Xan.* Well, but Heaven be praised I have brought off my Husband from using me so by a different Conduct. *Eu.* Right, but then there are perpetual Wars between you. *Xan.* Why, what wou'd you have a Woman do? *Eu.* In the first place, if your Husband offers you any *Affront* or *Injury*, take no notice of it, but endeavour to soften him to you by all Offices of Gentleness, Meekness, and good Nature. By this means you will either wholly reclaim him at long run, or at least you'll find him much more tractable and easy than at present you find him. *Xan.* Ay, but he's such an incorrigible Brute, that all the good usage will not make him one Farthing the better. *Eu.* You must pardon me, if I am not of your mind. There is no Beast so savage and unmanageable but he may be tam'd by good Treatment. Why then shou'd you despair to effect it in a Man. Let me conjure you by our long Acquaintance to try this Experiment but for two or three Months, and I'll give you leave to blame me as long as you please, if you find that this Advice is of no benefit to you. To deal plainly with you, there are certain Vices, at which you must connive, otherwise your Repose will be but of short continuance; but above all things you ought to take special care never to begin any Quarrel, or to trump up any angry Stories with your Husband in Bed. Every thing there ought to be cheerful and pleasant, and indeed when that place which is Consecrated to the Cementing of Love, to the allaying of Marriage-storms, and to the wiping out of old Mis-carriages, comes to be unhallowed by Sowness,

ness, and profaned by ill Language, I think 'tis high time to write *Lord have mercy* upon the doors; for if the *Fountain* head be poisoned, what help can be expected from the *Streams*? I know some Women of such *insatiable* Tongues, and so *intemperately* given to *Scolding*, that they cannot forbear to let their Clacks run *even* while the *Rites* of Love are *performing*, and by the uneasiness of their Tempers render *Fruition* it self *disagreeable*, which uses to be the *Never-failing* Reconciler of Husband and Wife. By this means they make that *Cordial*, which ought to *Cure* all the *Heart-burnings* of Matrimony, to be of little or no Effect.

Xan. This has been *my own* Case a hundred times.

Eu. Yet you cannot but be *sensible*, that tho it is the Wife's *Interest* so to manage her *Game*, as never to *displease* her Husband, if she can *help* it, upon any occasion whatsoever, yet she *ought* to take *particular* care to *oblige* him in the above-mention'd *Critical minute*, as much as lies in her Power.

Xan. I own she *ought* to do it to a Man, but alas! my *Lot* is fallen upon a downright impenitent *Brute*.

Eu. Come, come, leave off your *Railing*. If our Husbands prove *bad* it generally *happens* so through our *own ill Conduct*; but to return to our Argument.

Those *Gentlemen* that are conversant in the *Ancient Fables* of the *Poets* will tell you that *Venus*, one of the *Godesses* that *presided* over Matrimony, had a *Girdle* or *Cestus*, made for her by *Vulcan's Skill*, in which were all the *bewitching* Ingredients and Charms of Love, and that she constantly *put* this *on*, whenever she went to *Bed* to her Husband.

Xan. What makes you tell such an *Old fashion'd* Fable as this?

Eu. Right, but pray will you hear the *Moral* of it?

Xan.

Xan. I listen to you. *Eu.* It teaches us this useful Lesson; That a Wife shou'd make it her Chief Business, in the Payment of the Nuptial Tribute, to be as agreeable and engaging as she can; for, let your *Grave Persons* say what they will, the *Affair* we have been talking of is not only the chief Preservative to keep Love alive when he begins to languish, but likewise is the most effectual Peace-maker. *Xan.* Well, but where can we furnish our selves with so necessary an Utensil as this *Cestos* was? *Eu.* There's no need of *Witchcrafts* and *Spells* to procure one. The most powerful Spell in the World is *Virtue* joyn'd with a sweetness of Disposition, *Xan.* I can never bring my self to humour so incurable a *Sot* as my Husband is. *Eu.* However, 'tis your Interest you must own, that he were another sort of a Creature. Suppose now you had *Circe's* magical Secret, and cou'd turn your Husband from a *Man* into a *Bear* or a *Hog*; wou'd you do it? *Xan.* Faith I can't tell whether I should or no. *Eu.* Can't you tell say you? Pray let me ask you then one Question more. Wou'd you rather have your Husband a *Hog* than a *Man*? *Xan.* No truly. I am for a *Man* still. *Eu.* To proceed. Suppose you had one of *Circe's* Charms by which you cou'd make him a *Sober* Man of a *Drunkard*, a *Fragal* Man of a *Spend-thrift*, an *Industrious* Man of a *Loyterer*; wou'd not you put your Charm in Execution? *Xan.* Without doubt. But where shou'd I meet with such a Charm as you talk off. *Eu.* You carry it about you, if you wou'd but make a right use of it. Whether you are willing or no, he must be your Husband to the end of the Chapter, and the better Man you make him, the
more

more you consult your own particular advantage. But the mischief on't is, that you only keep your Eyes fixt upon his faults, and those create your aversion to him, whereas you ought to look upon his good qualities only, and to take him, as the saying is, by the right handle. You ought to have considered all his defects long ago, before you married him; and indeed, a discreet Woman shou'd not choose her Husband only by her Eyes, but take the advice of her Ears. All you can do now is to use Anodynes, and not to apply Corrosives. *Xan.* But what Woman pray now ever consulted her Ears in the Choice of a Husband? *Eu.* She may be properly said to choose her Husband by her Eyes, who minds nothing but his Person and bare Outside; as she may be said to choose him by her Ears, who carefully observes what Reputation he has in the World, and what People say of him. *Xan.* This is good Advice, but it comes somewhat of the latest. *Eu.* But give me leave to tell you 'tis not too late to endeavour the Cure of your Husband. It will be no small step towards the effecting of this, if you cou'd have any Children by him. *Xan.* Oh I have had one long ago. *Eu.* What do you mean? How long ago? *Xan.* Why about seven Months ago. *Eu.* What's this I hear? You put me in mind of the Woman that Married, Conceived, and was Deliver'd in the space of three Months. *Xan.* I see no reason for that. *Eu.* But so do I, if we Reckon from the day of Marriage. *Xan.* Ay but I had some private discourse with my good Man before the Priest joyn'd our Hands. *Eu.* Why, will barely discoursing beget Children? *Xan.* By chance he got me into a Room by myself, and began to Play and Toy with me, tickling me about the Arm-pits, and

and small of the Back to make me *Laugh*. I not able to bear being *tickled* any longer, threw my self *flat* upon the *Bed*, and he flinging himself upon me, *kiss'd* me and *hugg'd* me. I was in such a *Confusion*, that I don't know what he *did* to me *besides*, but this I am *certain* of, that within a few days my *Belly* began to *swell*. *En.* And are not you a *fine* Woman now to *rail* at this *Husband*, who if he can get Children when he's only in *jest*, what will he do, think ye, when he *falls* to't in earnest? *Xa.* I *suspect* that now I am with *Child* by him again. *En.* Mercy on us! Why here's a good fruitful *Soil*, and a lusty *Ploughman* to Till it. *Xan.* Nay, to do the Devil justice, he's more a *Man* for this *Sport* than I cou'd wish he was. *En.* Speak *sestly*. Not one Woman in a Thousand has this *complaint* to make. But I suppose you were *contracted* to one another before this happen'd. *Xan.* You are in the right on't. *En.* It makes the *Sin* so much *less*. But was it a *Boy* or a *Girl*? *Xan.* A *Boy*. *En.* So much the *better* for you. This *Pledge* of your first Affections will, I make no question on't, *set* you both at *rights*, if you, my dear Friend, will but *lend* your helping *Hand* a little to so good a *Work*. By the by, let me ask you what sort of a *Character* do your Husband's *Companions* give him? And how is he *respected* by them? *Xan.* They all of them agree, that he's as *easy* a Man in Conversation, as *generous*, and as *ready* to do any good Offices, as ever lived. *En.* *Better and better* still. This gives me *great* hopes to believe that we shall *manage* him to your *Heart's* content. *Xan.* Here's the *misfortune*, that I am the only Person in the World he shows himself *ill-natur'd* to. *En.* Do but put the *Rules* I gave you in *Practice*, and I here freely give

give you *leave* to say all the *malicious* things you can of me, if you don't find him much *alter'd* for the *better*. Besides, I wou'd have you *consider* that he's but a *young* Fellow yet; for, as I take it, he is not above *Twenty Four* Years Old, and does not *know* yet what it is to be the *Master* of a *Family*. As for a *Divorce*, I wou'd advise you never to *think* of it. *Xan.* I have had it frequently in my thoughts. *Eu.* But when it comes next into your *Head*, pray do your self the *favour* to reflect what a foolish insignificant *Figure* a Woman *makes* when she is parted from her *Husband*. The principal *recommenda-tion* of a *Matron*, is, that she is *Dutiful* and Obedient to her *Spouse*. This Language *Nature* dictates to us; this we are *taught* in the *Bible*; this the universal *Agreement* of all *Ages* and *Nations* tells us, that a Woman shou'd be *subject* to her *Husband*. Therefore seriously *think* of this matter, and put the *case* exactly as it *stands*. He is your *Lawful* Husband, and so long as he *Lives*; 'tis impossible for you to have *another*. Then let the *Infant* who belongs in *Common* to you both, be put in the *Ballance*. Now pray tell me *how* you wou'd *dispose* of him? If you *carry* him away with you, you *defraud* your Husband of what is his *own*, and if you *leave* him with him, you *deprive* your self of that which *ought* to be as *dear* to you as your *Life*. In the last place I desire to be *informed* whether any of your *Relations* wish you *Ill*? *Xan.* I have to my *Sorrow* a Step-mother and a Mother-in-law as *like* her as may be. *Eu.* And are you not *beloved* by them? *Xan.* So far from that, that they'd *Rejoyce* with all their heart to see me in my *Grave*. *Eu.* Why then I wou'd *entreat* you to think of them likewise. What more *acceptable* piece of *Service* can you *possibly* do them, than to let them see you *separated*

parated from your Husband, and become a Widow of your own making? What did I say a Widow? Nay, to live ten times more miserably than any Widow, for, one in that condition you know is at liberty to Marry whom she pleases. *Xan.* I must own indeed that I approve of your Advice, but I can never endure to be a perpetual Slave. *En.* If that is all, pray do but consider what pains you took before you could make that Parrot there talk and prattle to you. *Xan.* A great deal, I confess. *En.* And can you then think it much to bestow a little Labour and Time to mould your Husband to your own liking, with whom you must live the remainder of your days? What a world of trouble do your Grooms undergo to back a Horse and make him tractable, and can a prudent Woman grudge a little application and diligence to see if she can reduce her Husband to a more agreeable Temper? *Xan.* Why, what would you have me do? *En.* I have already told you. Take care that every thing at Home be cleanly and decent, so that nothing may disgust him there, and oblige him to ramble abroad. Behave your self easy and free to him, but at the same time never forget that respect which a Wife indispensibly owes to her Husband. Let melancholy be banished out of your doors, and likewise an impertinent ill-affected Gayety; neither be foolishly morose, nor unseasonably frolicsome. Let your Table be well furnished and handsome. You know your Husband's Palat without question, therefore always provide him what he has most a fancy to. This is not all, I would have you show your self Affable and Courteous to all his Acquaintance, and frequently Invite them to Dine with you. When you Sit down to Table, let nothing but Cheerfulness and Mirth appear; and if at any time your

F

Husband

Husband comes *Home* a little in his *Liquor*, and falls a Playing on his *Violin*, do you bear your part in the *Consort* and Sing to it. By this means you'll in a little time accustom your *Husband* to keep at *Home*, and lessen his *Expences*; for 'tis natural to believe that at last he'll thus reason with himself. *Why, what a foolish Coxcomb am I to Sit at the Tavern, and keep Company with a nasty Harlot abroad, to the apparent prejudice of my Reputation and Estate, when I have a Wife at home who is infinitely more obliging and beautiful, and makes so much of me?* *Xan.* But do you believe I shall succeed if I try? *En.* Look stedfastly upon me. I engage that you will. In the mean time I will take a proper occasion to discourse matters with your Husband, and put him in mind of his own *Duty*. *Xan.* I like your design well enough, but you must take care that he shan't know a Syllable of what has past between us: If ever this *Dialogue* shou'd reach his *Ears*, he wou'd throw the *House* out at the *Windows*. *En.* Never fear it. I will so order the conversation, by winding and turning him, that he himself shall tell me what *Quarrels* have happen'd betwixt you. Upon this let me alone to address myself to him in the most engaging manner I am *Mistress* off, and I hope to send him home to you in a much better Temper than I found him. I will likewise take occasion to tell a lye or two in your favour, and let him know how lovingly and respectfully I have heard you talk of him. *Xan.* Well, *Heaven* prosper both our undertakings. *En.* I don't at all question it, provided you are not wanting to your self.

THE

Assembly of Women,

OR,

The Female Parliament.

C O L. VII.

A parcel of merry Ladies meet together, and consult of the most effectual Methods how to regulate all Matters relating to the Female Sex. The Rules and Orders that are to be observed in the Summoning and holding of their Parliaments, and what Abuses chiefly deserve to be Reformed.

Cornelia. Margaret. Perotte. Julia. Catherine.

COrn. In the Name of Multiplication and Increase, Amen. 'Tis no small Satisfaction to me, Ladies, to see so large and numerous an Assembly of you here, and I heartily wish that Heaven will Inspire every individual Woman in this Convention, with such Dispositions as will make us Act for the common Advantage and Reputation of our whole Sex. You cannot but be sensible, Ladies, what a terrible Prejudice our Affairs have received in this Respect, that while the Men have had their Parliaments and daily Meetings all along, to Debate and Consider of Ways and Means, how best to promote and carry on their own Interest; we forsooth must be sitting hum drum

drum by the *Fire-side*, employ'd in the noble and antient Exercise of *Spinning*, and as a modern *Poet* expresses it, *spending our Nature on our Thumb*. 'Tis no wonder therefore if our Affairs lie at *sixes and sevens*, if we have not the least *Footsteps* of *Government*, or good Order left among us, and to say all in a word, if the World ranks us in the same *Predicament* with *Beasts*, and will not allow us the Title of *rational* Creatures. Unless we resolve to take other Methods for the future, the most *Ignorant* of us, may without the Spirit of *Prophecy* pretend to *foretel* what will become of us in a short time. For my part, I am afraid to utter it, or be the Harbinger of *ill* News. However, tho' we take no care at all of our *Dignity*, yet give me leave to tell you, we ought to have some regard to our *Safety*. The wisest *Monarch* in the World, by the same token that he owed no little part of his *Wisdom* to his frequent *Conversing* with us *Women*, has left it in *Writing*, that in the *Multitude of Counsellors is much Safety*. Your *Bishops* have their *Synods*, your *Cathedrals* their *Chapters*, your *Soldiers* their *Councils* of *War*, nay, those *unharmonious* Raskals, those *Retainers* to *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, the *Parish-Clerks* have their *Hall* to meet in. In short, your *Butchers*, your *Physicians*, your *Brewers*, your *Vintners*, and (with *Reverence* be it spoken) your very *Shop-lifters* and *Pick-pockets*, have their several *Assemblies* or *Clubs* to settle the Affairs of their several *Fraternities* in. If this is not sufficient, your *Birds* and *Beasts* have their particular *Places* and *Seasons* of *Meeting*, but *Women*, that strange prodigious Creature, *Woman* is the only Animal in the World which is against *meeting* of *Members*. Mar. I am afraid you are out Madam, for malicious People

People say that we are *ofner* for it than we should.
Corn. Who is it that *Interrupts* the Court there.
 Give me leave, Ladies and Gentlewomen, to
 conclude my Speech, and then you shall all talk
 in your turn. Neither is this Meeting of ours a
new unpresided thing, without Warrant or *Auth-*
ority; for if my *Chronology* does not fail me,
 that most *Accomplished* and *excellent* Emperor
Heliogabalus of *blessed* Memory———*Pa.* How
 most *Accomplish'd* and *Excellent* I beseech you,
 when History tells us that the Mobb knocked his
Brains out, that he was *dragg'd* up and down the
Streets, and at last *thrown* into the common *Jakes*.
Cor. What! *interrupted* again? But *Neighbour*, if
 such an Argument will hold *Water*, it will follow,
 that half the Saints in the *Kalendar* were but *so*,
so, because they came to the *Gallows*, and that
Oliver Cromwel was a *virtuous* Person, because
 he died in his *Bed*. The *worst* thing that was ever
 objected to *Heliogabalus* by his greatest *Enemies*,
 was his *flinging* down the idolatrous *Fire*,
 which was kept by
 the *Vestal* Virgins, for
 which *old Fox* wou'd
 have *Registred* him
 among his *Protestant*
Martyrs, and his

* Lampridius ascribes this to
 Alexander Severus. But Erasmus
 I suppose made his learned Lady
 here commit this Mistake design-
 edly, and I have carried on the
 Humor a little further.

* *hanging* up the *Pictures* of *Moses* and *Christ*
 in his private *Chappel*, which I hope will
 not rise up in *Jndgment* against him in this *Chri-*
stian Assembly. Let me inform you *en passant*,
 Ladies, that those Villains the *Heathens*, as my
 Authors tell me, (and I thought it wou'd not be
 amiss to communicate such a nice Observation
 to this House) used to call our Saviour *Chressus*,
 and not *Christus*, by way of Contempt and *Deri-*
sion, which is the Opinion of *Agathocles*, *Diony-*

sius, who for his great Skill in the Oriental Languages was Sir-named *Halicarnessens*, *Laurentius Valla*, *Fabius Maximus*, *Anacharsis* and several other Divines of the Reformed Perswasion. But to return to the *Argument in hand*; for a Woman ought to make the *most* of her *Argument in Hand*, this most discreet and profound Governor *Heliogabalus* issued out a *Proclamation*, or *Edict* to this Effect, that as the *Emperors* used to convene the *Senators* in the *Senate-house*, and there to debate of all *Emergencies* relating to the *State*, so his Mother *Augusta* shou'd Summon the *Women* from all parts of the City, to Assemble in a Place by themselves, there to *Regulate* those Affairs wherein the *Female-sex* was any ways concern'd. And this *Convention* the Men, either out of *Drollery*, or for *distinction*, call'd the *Senatulus*, or *little Senate*. This noble President, which by the fatal Negligence of our Ancestors has been intermitted for so many hundred Years, the *present* Situation of our Affairs obliges us to *revive*; and let none in this Company have any *Scruple* upon their Gizzard, because the *Apostle* forbids Women to talk in that Assembly, which he calls the *Church*; for it is evident that *St. Paul* there speaks of Assemblies of *Men*, whereas ours is an Assemblies of *Women*. Otherwise if poor Women must always be *silent*, for what end and purpose did *Providence* bestow upon us this *voluble* Member, call'd a *Tongue*, in which *Talent* we don't come short of the Men, and why did it give us a Pipe, no less intelligible and loud than theirs? Now my Hand is in, I cannot help saying that ours is all *Harmony* and *Musick*, whereas they either grunt like Hogs, or bray like Asses. But to proceed, we ought in the

the first place to manage all our *Debates* with that *Gravity* and *Circumspection*, that the Men may not have the least pretence to make them the Subject of their *Coffee-house-raillery*, to which ill-natured Mirth you know they are but too much inclined of themselves; although I think I may safely say, that if one wou'd seriously *examine* their *Councils* and *Synods*, their *Assemblies* and *Parliaments*, we should find more frivolous and impertinent *Controversies* in them, that a Congregation of Fish-women at *Billingsgate* wou'd be guilty of. For Example, we still see that *Monarchs* for so many Ages have *busied* themselves in nothing but dull *cutting* of Throats, for which important Services the World stiles them *Heroes* and *Deliverers*. We find that the *Clergy* and the *Laziness* are still at perpetual *Daggers-drawing* with one another, that there are as many *Opinions*, as there are *Noses* in the World, and in all the whole course of their Proceedings, they show ten times more *Inconstancy* than we Women ever discovered. This *City* everlastingly quarrels with that *City*, and one *Neighbour* treads upon his next Neighbour's *Corns*. If the *Supreme Administration* were intrusted in our Hands, with all due *Submission* be it be spoken, I believe the World wou'd be managed at a much better rate than now it is. Perhaps it may not become our female *Modersty* to charge these Noble *Peers* and *Judges*, these *Knights* and *Burgesses* with *Folly*, but I suppose I may be safely allowed to Recite what *Solomon* has Asserted in the thirteenth Chapter of the *Proverbs*, *There is always Strife among the Proud, but they that do every thing with Counsel, are Governed by Wisdom*. But not to detain you with too tedious a Preamble, to the end that all things

here may be carried on *Decently*, and without *Confusion*, it will be necessary in the first place to determin, who shall be *qualified* to sit as *Members* in this House; for as *too much* Company will make it look more like the *Mobb*, or a *Ryot*, than a grave *Assembly*; so if we take in *too few*, the World will charge us with setting up a *Tyrannical* Government. For my part, I move this *Honourable House*, that no *Virgin* be capable of *sitting* among us, and my Reason is, because many *things* may happen to be *debated* here, which it is not *proper* for them to *hear*.

Ju. Well! But how shall we be able to *know* who are *Virgins*, and who are not. I suppose you will not allow *all* to be *such*, who take the *Name* upon them. *Corn.* No; but my meaning is that none but *married* Women be permitted to *Vote* among us. *Ju.* Why, I cou'd name to you several *married* Women, who thanks to those impotent *Fumblers* their Husbands, are as good *Virgins* now, as when they first came into the World. There's my Lady——*Corn.* Hold, but in *respect* to the Holy State of *Matrimony*, let us *charitably* suppose all married *Wives* to be *Women*.

Ju. Under Favor, if we exclude none but *Virgins*, we shall still be *over-run* with Multitudes. The *Maidens*, let me tell you are scarce one to a *hundred*. *Corn.* Well then, we'll *exclude* those likewise that have been *Married* more than *thrice*, *Ju.* For what Reason, I beseech you. *Corn.* Because they ought to have their *Quietus* est, as being *Superannuated*, and so forth. I think too we ought to pass the *same* Sentence upon such as are above *Seventy*. But I conceive it ought to be resolved *Nemine contradicente*, that no Woman shall *presume* to make too *free* with her

her Husband, or to lay open all his faults. It may be allowed her to hint her ill usage in *general* terms; but then it must be done with *Discretion*, *Brevity*, and good *Manners*; and she shall by no means be allowed to *indulge* her itch of *Prattling*. *Ca.* But pray Madam why should not we be allowed to talk *freely* of the *Men*, since they make no *scruple* of saying what they *please* of their *Wives*. You know the Proverb, *What is Sawce for a Goose, is Sawce for a Gander*. My Lord and Husband, I thank him for't, when ever he has a mind to *divert* his lewd Companions at the *Tavern*, acquaints them with all the *Secrets* of the Family, tells 'em every *Word* I said to him, and how *often* he mounts the *Guard* anights, as he calls it, tho he's most *plagunly* given to *lying*, when he's upon the *last* strain. *Corn.* If we must speak the Truth, our Reputation wholly depends upon that of the Men; so if we expose them as *weak* and *scandalous*, we must of course be so our selves. 'Tis true, we have too many *just Complaints* to make against them, however when all things are *fairly* considered, I am of the Opinion that our Condition is much *preferable* to theirs. They cross the *Line* and double the *Cape*, and, in short, scamper from *Pole* to *Pole* to maintain their Families; then in time of *War*, they *lye* upon the bare Ground, *March* through thick and thin, stand *Buff* to all sorts of Weather, Eat, and Drink, and Sleep in *Armour* heavy enough to load a *Camel*, and venture their Lives all hours of the day, while we sit *snugg* at home, and enjoy our selves *Comfortably*. If they happen to be caught *napping* or so, the Law shows 'em no *favour*, while a poor Woman is often *excused* upon the *frailty* of her Sex. After all, I'll venture to say, that generally speaking,

speaking, it lyes in a Woman's power to make her Husband what sort of a Man she pleases. But 'tis high time now *Ladies* to adjust all differences about *Precedence* and taking of *Places*, least that should happen to us which frequently falls out at your *Treaties* of Peace, where the *Ambassadors* and *Plenipotentiaries* of Kings and Popes squabble away three months at least in *Punctilio's* and *Ceremony*, before they can sit down to *Business*. Therefore it is my Opinion, that *Peereesses* only Sit in the first Bench, and they shall take their *Places* according to the *Antiquity* of their Families, or their *Age*, but I think the latter will be best. The next Bench shall be of the *Commons*, and those shall sit in the foremost *Places* that have had most Children; between those that have had the same number of Children, *Age* shall decide the difference. Lastly, Those that were never brought to Bed shall sit in the third Row. As for *By-blows*, vulgarly call'd *Bastards*, they shall take *Place* according to their *Quality*, but shall sit at the lowest end of the Row, which belongs to them. *Ca.* Where do you intend to place the *Widows*? *Corn.* Well remembred. They shall have a *Place* assign'd them in the middle of the *Mothers*, if they have *Children* living, or ever had any. The *Barren* must e'en be content to sit at the fagg-end of this Company. *Jn.* Well! but what place do you design for the *Wives* of *Priests* and *Monks*? *Corn.* We will consider of that matter at our next Meeting. *Jn.* What will you say to those industrious *Gentlewomen*, that get their Living by the sweat of their Brows? *Corn.* Oh mention them not. We'll never suffer our Assembly to be prophan'd with the Company of such abandoned Wretches. *Jn.* I hope tho you'll allow
better

better Quarter to *Misses of Quality*? *Corn.* We
 will think of them some other time. Before we
 proceed any further, we ought first to agree how
 we shall give our Votes, whether by lifting up
 our *Hands*, or by word of Mouth, or by the *Noes*
 removing from their Seats, or by *Balloting*, and
 so forth. *Ca.* I fear me these may be some trick
 in *Balloting*, and then our Pettycoats draggle
 upon the Ground so, that if we must remove from
 our places, we shall raise such a dust I warrant
 you, that no body will be able to endure the
 Room. Therefore I think it will be the best way for
 every *Member* of this *Honourable House* to deliver
 her Vote *Vivâ Voce*. *Corn.* There will be some
 difficulty, let me tell you, in gathering the *Votes*,
 besides I am afraid that according to the old Jest
 our *Parliamentum* will be a *Lar amensium*. *Ca.*
 We'll have so many *Notaries* to take the Votes,
 that it shall be impossible to make any *Blunders*.
Corn. That course indeed will prevent *Mistakes*
 in numbering, but how will you provide against
squabbling? *Ca.* Let it be *Enacted* that no body
 shall *Speak* but in her turn, or when she's asked.
 She that does otherwise shall be *expell'd* the House:
 And if any one shall be found telling *Tales* out of
School, that is to say, *prattling* of any thing which
 is transacted within these *Walls*, she shall incur
 the Penalty of a three day's Silence. *Corn.* Thus
 Ladies we have adjusted all *Punctilio's* relating to
 this Affair. Let us next consider what things we
 shall *Debate* about. Every *Member* here, I pre-
 sume, will agree with me, that we ought in the
 first place to have a due regard to our *Honour*, and
Honour all the World knows is chiefly supported
 by what we call *Habit* or *Dress*. In which re-
 spect we have been so shamefully *neglective* and
deficient

deficient for some years last past, that 'tis almost impossible by the *outside* to know a *Dutchess* from a *Kitchen Wench*, a *married Woman* or a *Widow* from a *Virgin*, and a *Matron* from a common *Whore*. All the *ancient* bounds of *Modesty* have been so impudently *transgressed* that every one wears what *Apparel* seems *best* in her own *Eyes*. At *Church* and at *Play-house*, in *City* and *Country* you may see a *thousand* Women of *indifferent*, if not *sordid* *Extraction*, swaggering it abroad in *Silks* and *Velvets*, in *Damask* and *Brocard*, in *Gold* and *Silver*, in *Ermines* and *Sable-tippets*, while their *Husbands* perhaps are *stitching* *Grubstreet Pamphlets*, *Copying* *Noverint Universi's*, or *Cobbling* of *Shooes* at home. Their *Fingers* are loaded with *Diamonds* and *Rubies*, for *Turkey Stones* are now a days despised been by *Chimney-sweeper's Wives*. Not to *tire my Lungs* with speaking of their *Pearl* or *Amber Necklaces*, the *Gold Watch* dangling by their *Sides*, their massy *Fringed Pettycoats*, the flaunting *Steen-kirk* about their *Necks*, their *laced Shooes*, and *Gigantic Commodes*. It was thought *enough* for your *ordinary Women* in the *last Age*, that they were *allowed* the mighty *Privilege* to wear a *Silk Girdle*, and to set off the borders of their *Woolen Petticoats* with an edging of *Silk*. But now, and I can hardly forbear *Weeping* at the thoughts of it, this *worshipful Custom* is quite out of doors; upon which two great *inconveniencies* have arisen; for the *Wives* by indulging this *prodigal Humour* have made their *Husbands* as *poor* as so many *Church-Mice*, and that *laudable distinction* which is the very *Soul and Life* of *Quality* is totally *abolished*. If your *Tallow-Chandlers*, *Vintners*, and other *Tradesmen's Wives* flaunt it in a *Chariot and Four*,
what

what shall your *Marchionesses* or *Countesses* do I wonder? And if a *Country Squire's* Spouse will have a *Train* after her Breech full fifteen Ells long, pray what *shift* must a *Princess* make to distinguish her self? What makes this ten times worse than otherwise it would be, we are never constant to one Dress, but are as fickle and uncertain as *Weather Cocks*, or the *Men* that *Preach* under them. Formerly our *Head-Tire* was stretcht out upon *Wires*, and mounted like a *Barbers Pole*; Women of *Condition* thinking to distinguish themselves from the ordinary sort by this Dress. Nay, to make the difference still more visible, they wore Caps of *Ermin* powder'd, but they were mistaken in their *Politics*, for the *Citts* soon got them. Then they trumpt up another Mode, and black *Quoifs* came into Play: But the Ladies within *Ludgate* not only *Aped* them in this Fashion, but added thereto a *Gold Embroidery* and *Jewels*. Formerly the *Court Dames* took a great deal of Pains in *Combing* up their *Hair* from their *Foreheads* and *Temples* to make a *Tower*, but they were soon weary of that, for it was not long before this *Fashion* too was got into *Cheap-side*. After this they let their *Hair* fall loose about their *Forehead*, but the *City Gossips* soon follow'd them in that. Heretofore, only Women of the greatest Figure had their *Pages*, and *Gentlemen-Ushers*, and out of these last they chose a pretty Smock-faced young Fellow to take 'em by the *Hand* when they arose from their *Chairs*, or to support their left Arm when they walk'd; neither was every one capable of this Honour, but one that was a *Gentleman's Son*, and well descended. But now, the more is the shame, Women of inferior Rank not only take this upon

em,

em, but suffer any body to do this Office, as likewise to carry their Train. These are not all the *Innovations* that have been made; for whereas in the *primitive Times*, none but Persons of high Extraction Saluted one another with a *Kiss*, now every greasy *Raskall* of a *Shop-keeper*, tho he stinks worse than a *Fat Tallow Chandler* does in the *Dog-days*, if he's gotten Miles out of Town, *burlesqued* in a Silver-hilted Sword and a long Periwig, will pretend to Salute the *best Lady* in the Land. Even in their *Marriages*, where one wou'd think they should take more care, no respect is had to *Honour* or *Quality*. Noblemens Daughters Marry to Tradesmens Sons, and the *squab Issue* of a *Shop-keeper*, if she has but store of *Money*, is thought a *Morsel* tempting enough for a *Duke's Eldest Son* to leap at. By this means the next Age will be plagu'd with such a Generation of *Mungrels*, that they must be forced to knock the *Heralds* in the head, least they should reproach them with our Ancestors. To proceed with other *Grievances*, There is never a *Dowdy* about the Town I warrant you, tho begotten upon a *Bulk*, and born in a *Garret*, that, if her *Pocket* would give her leave, would scruple to *Trick* and *Spruce* her vile *Phys* with the richest *Paint* that your Persons of the *highest Quality* use; when ordinary Women ought to thank God, if the Government where they live will allow 'em to revive the decay'd *Red* and *White* in their Cheeks with *Raddle* and *Chalk*, or some such cheap Restorers. But as for the Countess of *Rant's Cosmetick Water*, your fine *Spanish Washes*, and *Italian Paints*, they ought to be used by none but by Ladies of the first Rank. To come now to the *Boxes*, the *Park*, and public *Entertainments*, Good Lord, what a horrid Disorder and Confusion is there to be seen?

You

You shall frequently see an *Alderman's* Wife refuse to give the place to a *Baronet's* Lady. Thus 'tis plain, that the *present* posture of our Affairs advises us to think of putting a *stop* to these growing Disorders, and what may encourage us to proceed, these things naturally belong to us, and therefore will be transacted with the *greatest* ease. Not but that we have some *Affairs* to settle with the *Men* too, who exclude us from all Offices of the *State*, and while they treat us no better than *Cooks*, and *Landresses*, monopolize all Employments and live at *Discretion*. For my part I give them leave to fill up all *Robust* Employments, and to manage *Military* Concerns. But I appeal to the whole World, whither it is not a most *insufferable* thing, that the *Wife's* Coat of Arms should be always Painted on the *left* side of the *Escutcheon*, altho her Family is thrice as *Honourable* as that of her *Husband*? Then I think there's all the reason in the World that the *Mother's* consent should be asked in the *Putting out* of the *Children*. Perhaps too we may manage our *Cards* with that *Address* as to be admitted to a *share* in all *peaceable* Places of Trust; I mean *those*, that may be managed at *Home*, that require no attendance in *Foreign* Countries, or one of the *Military* Character to discharge them. These are some of the *Chief* Heads, which I suppose *deserve* to be taken into *Consideration*. Let every *Member* of this Honourable *Assembly* think of them *seriously*, and prepare them against our *next* Session; and if any thing else *worthy* of your *Notice* occurs to you, I hope you will *Communicate* it to *Morrow*, for in my Opinion it will be *necessary* that we meet *every* day, till we have *adjusted* all Affairs. We ought to have four *Notaries* Chosen out of four

Pres.

Presbyterian Parson's Wives, to take down in *Short-hand* all our Speeches; and four *Chairmen* of our four *Committees*, who shall give People leave to *Speak* their Minds, or enjoin them *Silence*, according as they see *Convenient*: And let this Meeting of ours be a *Sample* of the following ones, and give the World a *tast* what may be expected *hereafter* from us.

FINIS.

Let me know
what you think
of the
new
plan
I have
to
leave
to
you
and
your
family
I
am
very
sincerely
yours
John
F. Kennedy